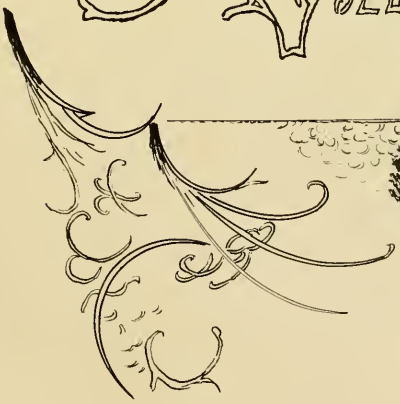
MONTICOLA

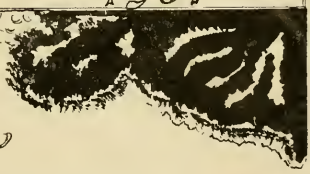
"'Neath the golden sunlight shining
Mirrored landscapes are reclining,
On the winding River Cheat."

MONTICOLA

VOLUME III.

1901





The Acme Publishing Company,
Morgantown, W. Va.

To

Hon. Jas. F. Brown, the esteemed Regent and loyal Friend of the West Virginia University, in recognition of his valuable services to his Alma Mater this Volume is respectfully dedicated.

JAMES I. BROWN

Calendar of University Year 1899-1900.

June 23–30 ..... Summer Quarterly Recess
July 1, Saturday ..... Summer Quarter begins
July 1, Saturday ..... Matriculation and Registration of Students
July 1, Saturday, 10 A. M. ..... Quarterly Convocation
July 3, Monday, 8 A. M. ..... Recitations of Summer Quarter begin
July 3, Monday ..... Independence Day, a holiday
Sept. 18–22 ..... Quarterly Examinations
Sept. 22, Friday ..... Summer Quarter ends
Sept. 23–30 ..... Fall Quarterly Recess
Oct. 1, Sunday ..... Fall Quarter begins
Oct. 2, Monday ..... Matriculation and Registration of Students
Oct. 2, Monday, 10 A. M. ..... Quarterly Convocation
Oct. 3, Tuesday, 8 A. M ..... Recitations of Fall Quarter begin
Nov. 23, Thursday ..... Thanksgiving Day; a holiday
Dec. 18-22 ..... Quarterly Examinations
Dec. 22, Friday ..... Fall Quarter ends
Dec. 23-31 ..... Winter Quarterly Recess
Jan. 1, Monday ..... Winter Quarter begins
Jan. 1, Monday ..... New Year's Day; a holiday
Jan. 2, Tuesday ..... Matriculation and Registration of Students
Jan. 2, Tuesday, 10 A. M ..... Quarterly Convocation
Jan 3, Wednesday, 8 A. M ..... Recitations of Winter Quarter begin
Feb. 22, Thursday ..... Washington's Birthday; a holiday
March 17-23 ..... Quarterly Examinations
March 23, Friday ..... Winter Quarter ends
March 24-31 ..... Spring Quarterly Recess
April 1, Sunday ..... Spring Quarter begins
April 2, Monday ..... Matriculation and Registration of Students
April 2, Monday, 10 A. M. ..... Quarterly Convocation
April 3, Tuesday, 8 A. M ..... Recitations of Spring Quarter begin
May 30, Wednesday ..... Memorial Day; a holiday
June 11-15 ..... Quarterly Examinations
June 14, Thursday, 8 P. M.,— ..... Joint Debate Between Representatives of the Columbian and the Parthenon Literary Societies.
June 15, Friday, 8 P. M., ... Moot-Court
June 16, Saturday, 8 P. M., ... Regents' Prize Declamation Contest
June 17, Sunday, 10-45 A. M., ... Baccalaureate Sermon
June 18, Monday, 1:30–5:00 P. M.,—Annual Exhibition of the Department of Drawing and Painting.
June 18, Monday, 8 P. M., ... Scott Prize Declamation Contest
June 19, Tuesday, 9:00—12:00 A. M., and 2:00—5:00 P. M.,—Annual Exhibition of the Department of Drawing and Painting.
June 19, Tuesday, 10 A. M., ... Commencement Recital of the School of Music
June 19, Tuesday, 2 P. M., ... Competitive Drill
June 19, Tuesday, 8 P. M., ... Inter-Society Contest
June 20, Wednesday, 10 A. M., ... Company Competition for Corps Colors
June 20, Wednesday, 2 P. M., ... Field Day
June 20, Wednesday, 8 P. M., ... Wiles Prize Oratorical Contest
June 21, Thursday, 10 A. M.,—Commencement Exercises. Address by Dr. John Fisk, of Cambridge, Mass.; subject, "Old and New Ways of Treating History."
June 21, Thursday, 2 P. M, ... Alumni business meeting
June 21, Thursday, 8 P. M.,—Illustrated Lecture, by Mr. Robarts Harper, of London, England; subject, "Masterpieces of Architecture."
June 21, Thursday, 9:15 P. M., ... Commencement Reception in the Gymnasium

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*Died January 14, 1900.

Throughout Our College Year.

WHEN the last, lingering days of September have mellowed away on the hills, and marshaled cornfields wave their golden bannerets in the dreamy air, the West Virginia student, erstwhile released from books, packeth his gripsack and hustleth back to College. The fleeting, ephemeral Desciple of the Summer Quarter has fled to his native heath, and left the ground to the undisputed possession of his more fortunate co-seeker after knowledge. From up and down the Monongahela come the devastating bands, eager and lusty for the rich spoils of learning. From distant McDowell and untamed Mingo, from the isolated Pan-handles, East and North, from Randolph's rugged mountains and Greenbrier's pleasant pastures, the hopeful sons of planters, miners, bankers, lawyers and alas for discipline, of ministers—all with widely different degrees of devotion, but avowedly a common purpose, make this Autumnal Pilgrimage to West Virginia's chief seat of learning.

The first week of the new term after the Elective Summer Vacation, is full of rich experience for the novice, and fraught with rare pleasure for the initiated. There are endless hand-shakings and greetings that overflow with cordiality; the Senior has smiles of recollection and welcome for the Prep. For the time being, class and club distinctions are obliterated, and student meets student in good fellowship on the common level of their humanity.

What a delightful mixture of romance and reality the scenes on the campus during the day and in Commencement Hall at night present. To the new-comer it seems his dream of college life is more than realized. Though the picture of his fancy was brilliant and glowing, it was still too somber-hued to do the subject justice. The campus is yet greener than was ever sung by college poet. The bordering trees are ablaze with the splendor of Autumn their verdant summer foilage has been turned into myriad pennants of purple and gold. On three sides the rounded hills rise in green and fertil slopes to majestic heights. The graceful contour of their swelling crests is modeled, by the soft autumn haze, into gentle curves and undulating lines of classic beauty. Away to the south, Dorsey's Knob seems dim and far in the distance. On the west, the campus falls away to the river's edge in a steep declivity. Up the river and down the river the hills, sullen guardians of the water's course, lie in irregular profusion. The river hides itself from sight in a sweeping curve, and when a reverse curve brings it to view again farther down, as it shines in the sunlight, it seems a huge cycle dropped from the hand of some Titanic hill. As the student stands for the first time amid this wealth of scenery, it seems to him that nature in her generous autumn mood, robed in her richest garments,

LIBRARY.

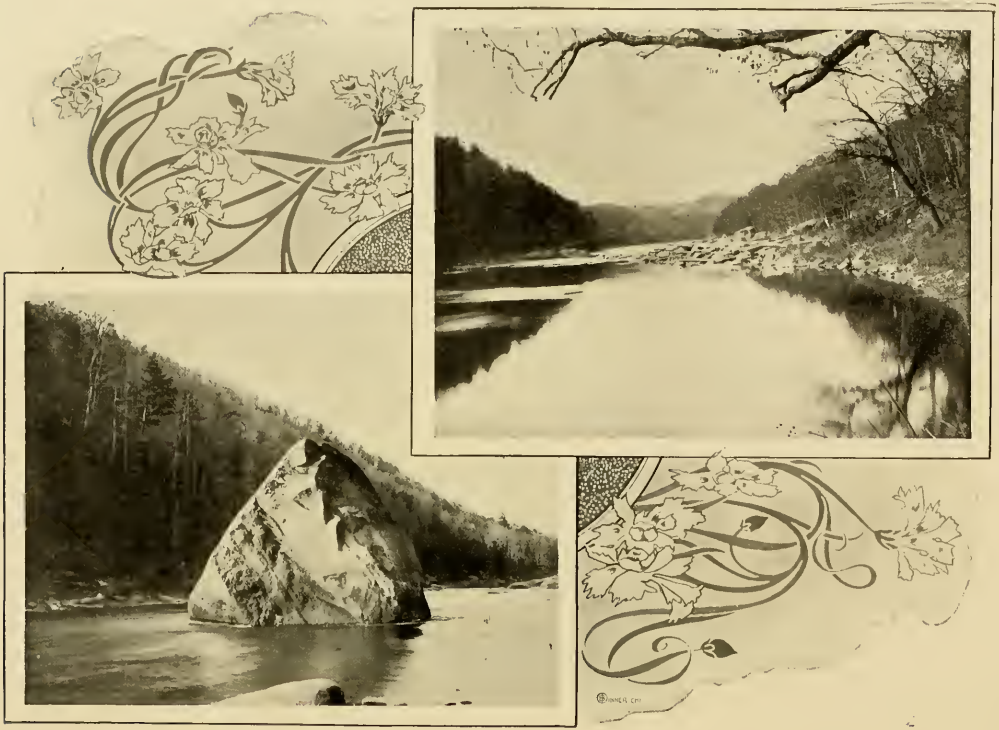
ARMORY.

has taken cognizance of his entrance to college, and conspired with the University authorities to make the opening of his career auspicious. All day long groups of laughing, chatting students dot the campus. The Fraternity Fathers, with vigilant and anxious eyes scan the changing crowd for men whose prepossessing mien bespeaks for them the inherence of those qualities that make the good fraternity man. And when one is marked by one of these carefully discriminating fathers, he is not a little astonished at the polite and solicitous attention bestowed upon him. The "rushing season is on," and a few weeks later the innocent "Barb" begins to realize the meaning of the attention he receives.

Commencement Hall, each night during this wondrous convocation week, presents a scene of varied and absorbing interest. Music, wit, wisdom, folly and elocution are dealt out from the rostrum for six successive nights to all who will partake thereof. The verdant Freshman and insatiable Prep are to be found there every night. It is supposed—nay it is true that these two much berated classes of beings are dazzled, enraptured, transported by this all-overpowering display of the University's collateral forces. About the time the new arrivals begin to think they have indeed reached a realm of never ceasing earthly pleasures, wherein the dwellers have immunity from mankind's primal curse, the fun comes to an end. Convocation week, like all other mundane joys, can not last! By Friday, the most self-possessed of Juniors, with commendable indifference, has dropped casualy into the President's Office and matriculated. On the following Monday, all are confronted with disillusionizing fact that they are expected to be prepared for every recitation and to have reached that state of mind in which it is possible to receive, comprehend and thoroughly digest an hour-long lecture from the most learned professor.

A nucleus of last year's foot ball players, upon whose brawn and brain depends the success of this year's team, has been back for some time. Under the generalship of these experienced leaders, a score or more of the fittest assemble on the Athletic Field every afternoon for practice. The accommodating "scrubs" with touching fidelity line up time after time to be knocked down, run over and tramped on for the sake of improving and rendering the "regulars" more aggressive and confident. Around the edge of the field a fringe of enthusiasts watch the work of the new team and speculate on the possibilities of a winning season. Here the blatant Sophmore is in his glory. He knows decidedly more foot ball than the coach or captain, and is willing to impart his knowledge to any one who desires to learn. He talks loudly in hearing of Freshmen and Preps of the strong points of this man or that, of the possibility of certain ones "making the team," singing all the while the praises of last year's team and its immeasurable superiority over any that can ever be gotten together again. From the first of October until Thanksgiving, foot-ball is the chief thing of interest in College life. With the team at home and abroad are all our hopes and sympathies.

VIEW UP CHEAT RIVER.



"SQUIRREL ROCK."

When we meet some old rival on the gridiron here at home, with pennants, canes, and lusty voices the loyal "rooters" help the way to victory. And when our heroes are away from us, with anxiety and patience we wait around the office for the telegram. And if the little instrument ticks off a score that is favorable, then, if ever, the too often latent spirit of W.V.U. becomes rampant. The town is ours by unwritten law. What noise we make, what fires we kindle, what speeches of encouragement and sympathy we demand and get from sympathizing professors, can only be known by those who have taken part in a genuine "thuse." Thanksgiving at last arrives, and the season culminates in a big game that day. A week afterwards and other interests have succeded in their logical order.

Examinations are drawing near, and the sometime idler must begin to cram. Nevertheless, he yet has time, or at least he takes it, which is one and the same thing,—to attend those delightful, informal bi-weekly dances. In days gone by, each Saturday night saw the big gymnasium turned into a dancing pavillion from eight until eleven; but new authorities, with new ideals, have seen fit to deny the students, and their fair friends in town, this privilege. But merry Terpsichore will have a shrine, and her devotees still find ample halls wherein to "trip the light fantastic." To the ladies in town, who, by their sweet and gracious patronage, stew flowers of social intercourse along our rugged road to erudition, we pledge devotion while in college, and after that life-long remembrance. To the college girls, who daily in the class-room rival, nay excel, our most strenuous efforts, and then when occasion demands in ball-room or parlor, from good comrades, transform themselves into gracious ladies, reserved and serene, we bow most humbly in recognition of their superior and charming versatility.

Examinations for the Fall Term are over about the twentieth of December. In an incredibly short space of time, the room that once knew the students' tread and voice is silent and deserted. The places where they are most wont to congregate are lonely and desolate. So quickly, surely and quietly is this universal departure accomplished, it seems the hand of magic has spirited them away in the night. To their six hundred different homes, we cannot follow them. What X-mas pleasures the student has, it takes him the three months to relate. Suffice it to say that one of the very best things about college life is going home for a vacation.

The first week of January sees the greater part of the students again assembled in Morgantown. But what a difference between the reassemblage and the departure! The return of the students is like the passing of the minutes—they come one at a time. A few of the faithful are here bright and early on the opening morning. Every train during convocation week brings in its quota. And, perhaps it is two weeks before the last returning straggler, delayed so long by too much X-mas cheer, comes reluctantly in.

It is during the three long winter months that the hardest work is

done at the University. Then, if ever, the student settles down to business, striving faithfully to accomplish some advance in his intellectual attainments. But we must not speak too long of work—that is taken for granted.

Even the bleak winter is full of diversions that woo the too easily won student from his tasks. Dances occur with more frequency and on a larger scale, and are consequently enjoyed with more zest. No week passes but that the lights of hospitality beam out across the snow from some home in town well known of old for its delightful social functions Now and then the appearance of some well known artist for a single night at the Opera House in a favorite play, grown older far through several seasons of nineteenth century popularity than the dramas of Pre-Shakesperean writers, is hailed with pleasure. It is during this season, too, that the footsteps of ye unwary student are lured aside with startling frequency by the blazing lights and clicking balls of ye Pool Room. And ye irate parents' reluctant "ante" too oft requested comes accompanied by words of appalling admonition.

Then, some cold, crisp morning, from the class-room windows, we look down the snow covered slope and behold with joy the Monongahela, a broad sheet of glistening ice! A lonely skater here and there on the wide expanse shows that it bears, and as he swings to and fro in graceful curves excites the observer's imagination. All that afternoon, from the bridge to Mechanical Hall, the glassy surface of the river is covered with skaters. There are skaters of all degrees of proficiency, from the expert who wheels and backs, reverses and circles, twisting through a hundred rapid evolutions with easy grace, to the novice whose skating consists in a few staggering strokes and an unsteady slide. There are scores of strong and active athletes with hockey-sticks and Karpet Knights by the dozens who stand apart with girls who need much assistance. But one and all have fun in plenty, and deplore the feathery snow clouds that threaten to spoil the ice.

The twenty-second of February is the first and only holiday of the term. The night of this patriotic anniversary brings the crowning social event of the season—the Military Ball. Old W. V. U. puts on her finest toggery, assumes her most courtly manners, and entertains herself and friends in right royal style. Many of the society beauties of West Virginia can remember one of these as an affair fully worthy of the State University.

Coincident with the stormy winds and pelting rains of March come the Winter Term examinations. Here, at least, let us pass them quickly—a thing we seldom do elsewhere. A week's vacation is ahead! Between the close of the Winter and opening of the Spring Term, there intervenes a week of *rest* for the *weary, struggling, broken-down* student! Most of them hasten to their homes to *recuperate*, which they accomplish by a week or ten days of *constant dissipation*. In straggling parties they return and the same experiences of the first week of October are repeated, but in a less

cordial and heart-felt manner. This week of release from duties does not seem to separate the students one from another and from school as does X-mas or Summer vacation. Convocation week over, and the student begins to look about him to see how he can accomplish the maximum amount of work with the minimum amount of study, during the enervating weather of April, May and June.

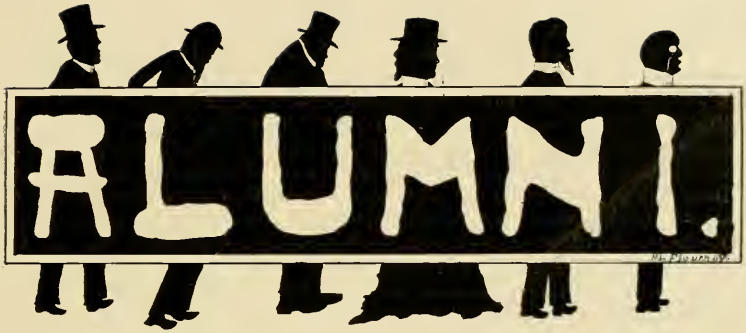
All nature is rich with allurements which entice the student from his books. The campus has grown green in a single day. The soft, warm breezes have kissed red buds on the maple branches. The birds, exiled by winter's heartless bans, have returned on the wings of the South-wind, and in merry songs and ecstatic flitting to and fro, celebrate the reconquest of their summer domain. The quiet streets of the town grow shady and the river's placid surface invites the dip of the oar. Surely spring comes in no more beauty anywhere than to Morgantown.

As soon as the April air ceases to numb the fingers, the base ball players begin to train and practice every afternoon. The same crowd of spectators that watched the development of the foot ball team, gather on the athletic field and with equal interest speculate on the chances of a successful season. There are always a few old players, true and tried, that give the enthusiasts no concern. There is the pitcher of last year whose prowess in the box won many a loud, prolonged cheer. But several of the old favorites are missing from their positions and all despair of ever finding others to fill them with equal ability. But after the first game, last year's heroes are not so prominent and the player of the hour is the centre of base ball interest. Up until Commencement day, the gala days of college life are those whereon we meet here at home some rival team on the diamond.

Commencement week comes all too soon. The anxious senior has haunted the library for months searching dusty volumes for material that will make his Thesis immortal. The last day arrvies. From the hand of the Registrar he receives the parchment which testifies to his attainments.

This diploma means many an hour of toil and worry, many a hard struggle and bitter failure. The recipient ought to be proud of it, but for the time being he can look upon it only as a certificate, legally delivered, that his college days are over.

What Commencement Day means to the senior—what tender ties he breaks with bitterness, what hopes of future life he looks to for consolation, what high resolves and lofty dreams of noble usefulness, what rushing memories of the dear past days fill his heart too full for utterance, we shrink from attempting to relate. These are matters for the genius only to touch. So is the whole story of College life. Its sunshine and shadow, its friendship and rivalries, its victories and defeats await the wizard's wand to bring them into life on the written page.



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"Come, dear old Comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe."

"Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear,
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill."

"You've won the great world's envied prize
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL. D.
In big brave letters fair to see,—
Your fist old fellow! Off they go!—
How are you, Bill! How are you, Joe?

Bill is serving his third term in Congress, where he has won a degree of distinction that makes him the pride of the state that has sent him to the national capital as one of its representatives. Joe is a physician practicing in a small town in Wisconsin, where he has gained the high esteem of all

who know him, but he has not prospered in a worldly way above the average country doctor.

They were class mates in the old W. V. U. back in 187——, and, while in school were the closest of friends. They heard from each other for a while after they graduated, but finally their correspondence ceased and they lost track of each other. Bill, after teaching school for a year or two, studied law and began practicing in one of the larger towns of the state, which he now helps to represent in Congress. Joe studied medicine in Baltimore and on completing his course went to Wisconsin. They had not seen each other since leaving Morgantown the day after their graduation. Joe had heard of late years though of the success his old friend was meeting with and knew that he was in Congress.

It was while Congress was in session in February of the present year that Joe found it necessary to go to Washington to look after some business. One of his first thoughts on finding out the occasion of his going was, that he would have the opportunity of calling on his old friend, Bill, and of renewing the friendship of college days; and he had not been long in Washington before he found out the residence of the Hon. Wm. R.—— and went to call on him.

Bill was not at home when Joe called, but he did not have to wait long until he returned. Of course Bill did not recognize him at once, but it didn't take him long to make himself known. The greeting was such as would have done any college man's heart good to witness. How quickly did those old fellows forget all about house-bills and doctor-bills and everything else but Morgantown and University days. Bill had an important engagement with a fellow congressman that night, but he telephoned him an excuse and gave orders to the servants that no callers were to be admitted during the evening.

And then they went to work. Their whole college life was reviewed from prepdom to commencement day of their senior year. Jokes, pranks, larks, and snipe-hunts were all remembered, and all their flirtations with the Morgantown girls of that day were called to mind. Joe learned from Bill that the two girls to whom they had been particularly friendly while in school were still living in Morgantown—the senior members of the Society of College Widows—making themselves useful by giving pointers to the girls just coming on.

When they had talked and laughed over all their personal experiences, they discussed the other members of their class and then their *Alma Mater* in general. Bill remembered that he had in his library copies of "The Monticola," published in '96 and '99. He fetched these and they looked over them together. Joe, somehow, had not seen a copy of either issue and he was intensely interested in looking over them. In the volume of '96 he found a complete list of the classes that had graduated from the University up to that time, in which were given the names of the members of each

class together with their address and occupation. There was also in connection with this an interesting chapter on the Alumni, written by Prof. Armstrong, Secretary of the Alumni Association; and the issue of '99 contained a similar chapter. Joe read these closely, for, like every loyal Alumnus, he felt an interest in every other son of his *Alma Mater*.

"I see," said he, after they had looked through both volumes carefully, and had refilled their pipes from Bill's ample box of Yale Mixture, "that up to this time three hundred and three graduates have gone out from the academic schools of the University, and two hundred and sixty-one from the law school. The number is not very large, to be sure, but that fellow, writing in the last "Monticola," is about right when he says that an equal number of graduates from Harvard or Yale will not show a larger list of men who are making their mark in the world. They are scattered all over the country—lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, engineers; and two others of them have broken into congress, Bill, like yourself; I tell you I am proud of the old W. V. U. I have my "sheepskin" framed and hanging in my room at home. I would part with all the rest of the furniture in the house sooner than I would part with it.

"Yes," said Bill, "I have been keeping track of the graduates of the University as closely as I could and I know something about a good many of them; most of them are making a success of life. I have been particularly interested in noting the success that the engineering boys are meeting with. I was informed by the head of that department when I visited Morgantown about a year ago that every man who had taken an engineering degree was at that time holding a good position. They stand right along with the graduates of the large technical schools too. A good many changes have taken place since you and I were there, Joe. Of course the institution has grown and has kept pretty well up with the general progress along educational lines; but particularly within the last three years have numerous innovations been made. In the old days when you and I were there, co-education was not thought of; but you know the "co-eds" broke in about thirteen years ago, and in '97 they were admitted to the Preparatory department. And now it seems they are having everything about their own way. An art school and a music school have been established, and even a cooking school was started at the beginning of this year. I hope for the benefit of the boys there now, that the cooks at the "forts" will take advantage of the training in this department. I never shall forget the beef-steak we used to try to masticate there. But I have a warm place in my heart for the old school, Joe, in spite of the fact that everything is different from what it was when we were there. I wish that the officers of the Alumni Association would do something to get the interest of the old boys stirred up so that regular meetings of the association could be held. I would like to attend them and get in touch with the members of all the

classes that have gone out. Your visit has made me feel young again, Joe, I'm mighty glad you hunted me up."

Joe looked at his watch and found with surprise that it was one o'clock. Hours had slipped away while they were talking, without their knowing it. He said good night and good bye and went to his hotel feeling that a fellow's college days bear a richer fruitage of memories as the years bear them further away.

"By Monongahela's waters,
Where the hills rise rank on rank,
West Virginia's seat of learning
Crowns the river's shelving bank."

A few of the University's Distinguished Alumni.

Hon. James F. Brown,

Honorable James Frederick Brown, to whom this MONTICOLA is dedicated, was born in Kanawha County, Virginia, in 1852. He is the oldest son of Judge James H. Brown, now one of the few persons living who participated actively in the important events during the formation of the new state. Judge Brown was a zealous Whig prior to the war and was a member of the first Supreme Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia. Mr. James F. Brown is a Graduate of the West Virginia University of the class of 1873, and among the alumni who have particularly distinguished themselves in their chosen fields of labor he is one of whom the institution may justly be proud.

After completing his work at the University, he entered the law office of his father, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership in the practice of law, having been admitted to the Bar in 1875. Upon the retirement of his father, the senior member of the firm, from active practice, he became the head of the law firm of Brown, Jackson & Knight. Those familiar with the titles to real property in the southern portion of the state know of the chaotic conditions which have prevailed there in the past. Nothing has so retarded the development of that end of the state as the unceasing litigations of conflicting claimants to those lands. What was practically a wilderness in many of the counties south of the Kanawha river twenty-five years ago is now the scene of wonderful activity in the production of lumber, coal and coke, for which that region is so justly celebrated, and probably no lawyer now living has had so much to do as Mr. Brown, with the adjudication and settlement of these claims, thus bringing into market this vast and valuable property. In 1882, in the

election for Representatives to the House of Delegates for Kanawha county Judge James H. Brown and James F. Brown, the former a Republican and the latter a Democrat were candidates. Many interesting stories are told of the active canvass of the county by these two gentlemen, both of the same law firm, the same family, but strong adherents of opposite parties. As an evidence of the esteem in which they are both held in that county, of the four men chosen as delegates, they were both elected. It is needless to say that they served with much credit and usefulness to their county and state. While Mr. Brown has been a very earnest devotee of his chosen profession, having a very extensive practice in the courts throughout the southern counties of the state, in the Court of Appeals, and in the United States Court, he has always found time to promote the affairs of the state generally and especially to advance the development and growth of his Alma Mater, of which he has always been an ardent friend and patron.

He was appointed a member of the Board of Regents of the University by Governor Fleming in 1890. Until that time no alumnus of the institution had been appointed as a Regent, although the propriety of so doing was very apparent, and had been strongly urged by the friends of the Univerversity. He was re-appointed by Governor MacCorkle in 1893, by Governor Atkinson in 1897, and again in 1899, and is now the Regent oldest in service on the present Board. His familiarity with the history of the institution as student, citizen and member of the Legislature, as well as in his long service as a Regent, make him a liberal, wise and prudent counsellor in the management of the affairs of the University. It is the hope of alumni, faculty and students that in the "comings and goings" of Boards it will be long before the University will be deprived of the services of James F. Brown as a member of the Board of Regents.

Hon. Alston Cordon Dayton, A. M., '78.

MR. DAYTON is one of the University's most distinguished Alumni. He was born October 18, 1857, and graduated from the University when only twenty years of age. On his twenty-first birthday he was admitted to the bar, and entered into partnership with his father. He rose rapidly in his profession, and when twenty-three years of age was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Upshur county. Four years later, in 1884, he was elected to the same position in Barbour county, although that county was at the time, strongly democratic. In 1894, Mr Dayton was elected to Congress from the Second Congressional District of West Virginia. He was re-elected in 1896, and again elected in 1898. He has made an enviable record in this capacity, being now a very prominent member of the Naval Committee.

Robert Allen Armstrong, A. M., '86.

ROBERT A. ARMSTRONG, son of Jared M. Armstrong, was born at French Creek, Upshur county. He attended the common schools and French Creek Academy, entering the University in 1882. From this institution he graduated in 1886 with the Bachelor of Arts Degree, receiving also the Master's Degree three years later. He then did Post Graduate work at Wooster College, Ohio, and in the School of Pedagogy of the University of New York. Prof. Armstrong has had a varied experience in active educational work. He taught four years in the public schools, was Principal of the French Creek Academy, and served his native county as Superintendent of public instruction. He was Principal of the West Liberty Normal from 1886 to 1893, when he was called to the Chair of Mathematics in the University. The following year he was given the Department of English Literature where he is still doing invaluable service for his Alma Mater.

Hon. Edgar P. Rucker.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Covington, Virginia, December, 23rd, 1863. His youth was spent in Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, W. Va., where he received such education as could be obtained in the public schools. This was followed by a course in the University where he graduated from the Department of Law in 1887. Returning at once to Lewisburg he began the practice of his profession. He was married in January, 1888, to Miss Maud Applegate, of Keytesville, Missouri. They lived at Princeton, Mercer county, removing in 1893 to Welch, McDowell county, where they still reside. Mr. Rucker's ability as a man was early recognized, he being made the Republican candidate for State Senator in the eighth district the next year after his graduation. In 1892 he made the race for Congress in the 3rd district, and in 1896 he was elected Attorney General of the state which position he now holds.

Howard Llewellyn Swisher, A.M., '97.

MR. SWISHER was born on a farm in Hampshire county in 1870; became a teacher when eighteen years of age; graduated at the Fairmont State Normal School in 1892 and soon afterwards went to California where he taught two years. He then returned to West Virginia and entered the University, and graduated in 1897. He subsequently took post-graduate work. In 1897 he founded the Acme Book Store in Morgantown, which still belongs to him; and the next year he organized the Acme Publishing Company at Morgantown, and has since been its president. In 1896 he published a small book of verses at Romney; and in 1899, brought out *Briar Blossoms*, a more pretentious volume, which was well received throughout the state and elsewhere.

CLASS
HISTORIES
W.L. Six '01

Graduate Students.

		Major Subject.
Brand, Harvey.	Morgantown,	Pedagogy.
Buck, Winona Lee Hawthorne,	Morgantown,	German.
Conley, George Washington,	Craigmoor,	Philosophy.
Dent, Carrie Louise	Grafton,	English.
Eddy, Alexander Lough	Cross Roads,	Chemistry.
Friend, Lloyd Lowndes,	Morgantown,	———
Hackney, Lilian May,	Morgantown,	Physics.
Hite, Rachel Evelyn,	Morgantown,	History.
Jacob, Samuel Sprigg,	West Liberty,	Physics.
Lough, Myron Carleton,	Fairmont,	Pedagogy.
McChesney, Alexander Gallatin,	Charleston,	Latin.
McCutcheon, John Lewis,	Morgantown,	Philosophy.
Ohern, Daniel Webster,	Morgantown,	Geology.
Reynolds, Ethel Toy.	Morgantown,	English.
Reynolds, Wayland Fuller,	Morgantown,	Philosphy.
Ryan, William D.	Morgantown,	Geology.
Wallace, Ira Melvin.	Morgantown,	Philosophy.
White, Anna Bancroft,	Morgantown,	History.

Officers.

President,	Willa Hart Butcher.
Vice-President,	Haymond Maxwell.
Secretary,	Bertha Cleland Browning.
Treasurer,	Van Ara Barrickman.
Poetess,	Grace Lunsford Brahm.
Historian,	Alpheus Wilson Smith.

Class Yell.

Boom-a-la, Boom-a-la, Rah-rah-reck,
Nineteen hundred's right on deck!

Class Colors.

Dark Green and Lavender.

Class Motto.

"Respice Finem."

Class History.

WHENCE we came and whither we go, who we are and how many we are, no one knows Convocations have thinned our ranks, and to what extent we have been reinforced from the Junior Class, will not be manifest until Commencement is over. Though various causes have made many who were Freshmen in '96 leave school, yet accessions have been received from other schools and our class is now by no means small.

Whether we be few or many, we are an illustrious class. We have not only won honor for ourselves, but we have also lived through times of severest agitation in the University. We have seen presidential stars rise and fall. We have watched policies as they were made, and policies as they were changed. Indeed changes came so rapidly that they almost made us dizzy. We may not have gone to the bottom of any great problem, but we know the fickleness of the human mind and the uncertainty of human fate.

On the gridiron this class has had a foot ball captain and several foot ball players. On the diamond we have had a baseball pitcher and three or four base ball players. In the arena of debate the seniors have been represented. On the oratorical contests her representatives have appeared. Like other seniors we have dug Greek roots all over Attica. We have followed Caesar in Gaul and wandered with Virgil in Hades. We have traced the ascent of man and dwelt on the functions of each organ which has been evolved. In short we have studied everything from cooking to the philosophy of Plato.

Now we shall be allowed to go forth as graduates. The school will not be bankrupt, neither will our brains be overburdened with ideas. We do not claim to be encyclopedias of knowledge. It was not for this we came. The development of the power of thought has been our chief aim If we have succeeded in this we believe that our education has not been a failure. When Greek and Latin are forgotten, when we are no longer able to give the symbol for water, the power of thought will remain. It will be by our use of this power that the college and its influence will be estimated. The graduate must set forth his Alma Mater and the class of 1900 will set it forth favorably.

We retire from the scene of action not with an egotistical boast but humbly asking a place in which to employ the few talents we have acquired.

HISTORIAN.

Barrickman. Pugh Conley. Franks

Yeager. McGlumphy. Hennen. Rightmire. Jamison. Scott. Lemen. Willey.

Roll of Seniors.

THOS. Z ATKESON, Buffalo, Agriculture.

ISAAC A. BARNES. Morgantown, Philosophy.

BERTHA C. BROWNING. Κ Δ. Wellsburg, English.
Associate Editor of *Monticola*, '99.

IRA B. BUSH, Auburn, Greek.
Parthenon—Inter-Society Essayist, '99 and '00. President Society Spring Term, 1900. Delegate to the Tri-State Convention, Y. M. C. A.

WILLA HART BUTCHER, Κ Δ, Fairmont, Greek.
Columbian Inter-Society Essayist, '99. President of Senior Class.

LATHROP RUSSELL CHARTER, JR., Φ Κ Ψ, West Union, Economics.
First Lieutenant Adjutant in Corps of Cadets. Second prize in Greek, '99.

EMMA CONLEY, Fond du Lac, Wis., Sociology.

JOHN HARDEN CONNELL, Wellsburg, History.

GRACE LUNSFORD BRAHM. Κ Δ, Fairmont, English.
Columbian. Inter-Society Essayist, '00.

JOHN ROSS EAKIN, Φ Κ Σ, New Martinsville, C. E.

CHARLES HENRY EBERS, Benwood, Pedagogy.

LORAIN FORTNEY, A. B., Athens, Philosophy.

HARRISON JULES LOUIS FRANK, Wheeling, Philosophy.

JAMES A. GARRISON, Σ Ν, Jollytown, Pa., Philosophy.
Columbian.

HOWARD MASON GORE, A. B., Φ Σ Κ, Clarksburg, Philosophy.
Captain Co. B. Regents' gold medal, '98. Columbian. President Society Winter Term 1900. McMahon Prize $25. Associate Editor *Monticola*, '99.

GILLIAM JAMISON, Morgantown, French.
Columbian. Inter-Society Declaimer, 1900.

WILLIAM JANES, Philippi, Law.

HANNAH LOUISE JONES, Morgantown, German.
Columbian.

WILLIAM SCOTT JOHN, Rosedale, Pa., Philosophy.
Columbian. Member Inter-Society Committee.

ELBERT L. JONES, Reevesville, Agriculture.

DAVID LEMEN, Φ Κ Σ, Shepherdstown, Greek.

SCOTT CEPHAS LOWE, Φ Κ Ψ, Fairmont, Law.

WILLIAM GREGORY MARTEN, Φ Σ Κ, Shepherdstown, Law.
Columbian.

HAYMOND MAXWELL, Φ Σ Κ, Clarksburg, Law.
Columbian. Vice President Senior Class. Golf Club.

PERCY NAYLOR MCDONALD, Κ Α, Charles Town, Philosophy.
Capt. Bean'ry Foot Ball Team '97. Sergeant Cadet Corps.

Atkeson. Butcher. Crossland. Conley.

Hall. Jones. Miller. McDonald. Marten.

Meredith. Maxwell. Randolph. Roller.

Walter Alexander McGlumphy, Φ Δ, Rock Lick, Law.

Bruce McKinley, Pullman, English.
Columbian.

Jerome Case McMurphy, Δ Τ Φ, Oak Park, Ill., Greek.

Albertha Claire McVicker Φ Β, Morgantown, English.

James Alva Meredith, Ψ Σ Φ, Alma, Law.
Parthenon. President Society Winter Quarter, '00. Business Manager *Monticola* '99.

Clyde Randolph, Ψ Σ Φ, Salem, Mechanical Engineering.
President Junior Class.

Ina Richtmire, Morgantown, German.
Columbian.

Wilbur Lawence Robe, Morgantown, Mathematics.
First Lieutenant Corps of Cadets.

Benjamin Richard Roller, Δ Τ Φ, Charleston, Greek.
Bean'ry Foot Ball Team, '97. First Lieut. Co. — Corps of Cadet.

Robert Douglas Roller, Jr., A. B., Δ Τ Φ, Charleston, Mathematics.
Bean'ry Foot Ball Team, '97. Second Foot Ball Team, '98. Second Lieut. Corps of Cadets. Associate Editor *Monticola* '99.

Charles Curtin Rose, A. B., (Waynesburg College) Clarksville, Pa., Law.

Joseph Rosier, A. B., Fairmont, English.
Teacher in Fairmont Normal.

Buckner Fairfax Scott, Ψ Φ Σ. Terra Alta, Chemistry.
Captain Co. C, Corps of Cadets. Second Lieut. First W. Va. Volunteers.

Alpheus Wilson Smith, Σ Λ, Philippi. English.
Parthenon. Inter-Society Committee Essayist '98. Inter-Society Debator '99. *Athenaeum* 1900.

Lee Smith, Uniontown, Pa., Philosphy.

Walter Haine South, Ψ Σ Φ, Morgantown, Latin.
Member of Athletic Association. Foot Ball Team.

Clarence Symms, B. Agr.,——— Karn, Agriculture,

Edwards Stuart Stalnaker, Δ Τ Ω, Θ Ν Ε Martinsburg, Chemistry.
Asst. Bus. Mgr. *Monticola* '99. Asst. Bus. Mgr. Base Ball Team '99.

Charles Edward Trembly, Terra Alta.

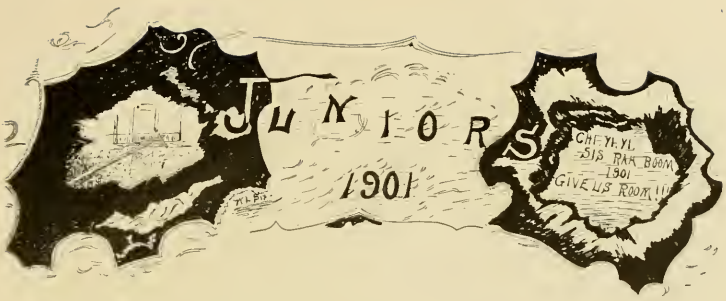
Charles Walter Waddell, Φ Φ Ψ, Brandonville, Greek.
Capt. Co. A. Corps of Cadets. Parthenon. Editor of *Athenaeum*.

George Roberts Whitham, Morgantown, Chemistry.
Parthenon. Foot Ball Team.

Chauncey De Witt Willey, Φ Φ Ψ, Θ Ν Ε Morgantown, Law.
Parthenon. Inter-Society Declaimer. '96,'97.

John Augustine Willis, A. B. Φ Δ, Summit Point, Mathematics.

Lewis Armstrong Yeager, Σ Λ, Marlinton, Law.
Parthenon. Inter Society Declaimer '98. Captain Foot Ball Team '98. Captain Second Base Ball Team '99. *Monticola* '99.



Officers.

President,	William Louis Six.
Secretary,	Miss Sarah Waugh Johnson.
Treasurer,	John Gilmore Ross.
Poet,	Clarence Poe.
Historian,	Emory Ison Ireland.

Class Motto:

"The doorstep to the Temple of Wisdom is the knowledge of our own ignorance."

Class Yell:

Ki! Yi! Yj!
Zip! Rah! Boom!
Nineteen One!
Give us room!

Class Colors:

Cadet Gray and Bright Red.

History of the Junior Class.

ONE crisp frosty evening in October, when all nature seemed calling on the warm blood of youth to assert itself, and when the life streams of age stood chilled, ready to congeal in the veins, came forth, hale and sprightly, the last, but not least, of the Junior Classes of this most wonderful cycle, the Nineteenth century. Its life star rose bright, refulgent, having had elsewhere its setting when in the bright month of roses the last of the Sophomores with trembling hand folded his triple quarto of closely figured examination papers, labeled them "Integral Calculus" and went forth relieved, perhaps not happier, but let us hope a much wiser man.

After the joys and griefs of Commencement had all passed, this care-worn son of distraction, along with a multitude of others, each overshadowed by a cloud of dark forbodings, went home still with a heavy heart. But the mists of gloom dispersed at last—after two weeks of anxious waiting, during which time of despondency his fond mother was in constant distress lest the idol of her heart should be passing through the early stages of a long siege of fever or chicken pox—when the report came from his class officer showing such a final standing as to win a smile of approbation even from the stern and dignified ruler of the domicile. Happy now because he is one step further from that condition of blissful wretchedness, remembered only by feelings of bitterness cherished against "Cæsar" Hare and the "Corridor Man." Doubly happy because another season of two years' sad experience is now consigned to the regions of the past, and his heart swells exultingly at the thought that never again is his patience to be strained, and his nerves shattered by soul-rending processes of wading through long demonstrations of formulas for the spherical triangle or equations for the "Litmus" curve.

But he is now a Junior, and so are we all, except a few Seniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps. So great, indeed, is the number of those having thus had greatness thrust upon them, that the historian, overcome by an inherent and powerful propensity for ease, peculiar to himself, shrinks from the very thought of the enormous task of tracing the ancestral lines, the personal characteristics, the important undertakings and accomplishments in turn of each hero and heroine. So he turns again to gaze at the class star, and by spectral analysis, seeks to trace out the various influences and effects of the floods of celestial light pouring down to illuminate the path o'er which our feet shall pass to the goal of honor. Brilliant star! each day growing more and more refulgent as it rises higher and nearer to the zenith of its course; its soft, mellow light dispensing peace and harmony through the deliberations of a class where strife is as much out of place as the ordinary law student in a Sunday School. What

Core. Hill. Ireland. Johnson. Henry Moreland.

Myers. H. F. Rogers. J. F. Miller. Stathers. Norris. Shaffer. McCrum. Six. Poe. Shuttleworth.

a privilege to belong to a class thus free from envy and bitterness! Other classes may raise commotions like the howling, midnight storm, because of two rival presidents; but when Juniors assemble, love's sable wings soothe to perfect tranquility by the music of their gentle flapping with, Six grasping the controlling sceptre, and Miss Johnson sitting near by engraving the official record. This record may well serve as a model to shape the actions of classes yet to be, when they come forth and, incited by worthy example, rise to those lofty heights of perfection in manly and womanly culture and development to which the historian looks up and beholds his class, noble, majestic, surveying the world of sympathy and thought; in bearing, stately as an army with banners; in deliberation, sagacious as a senate with no bar room attachment; yet modest and unpretending, never assembling for mere demonstration and show, but meeting at the call of the president only that matters of business may be revolved in fertile minds.

The Junior is preeminently a man of business (except those that are women). He has an abundance of hard work yet to do, and, yielding to admonitions from within, which continually annoy his complacency of mind with memories of confused scenes experienced before having learned so well the lessons of application, he accepts the inevitable, and so turns with such concentration of energy upon Mathematics, Language and Natural Science that he is by no means put to shame, no, not even by the Senior with all his boasted magnificence of intellectual attainments, in that hour which tries the soul of the young man when he must stand between his professor and the girl he likes best to read for class criticism his first original story; all the time longing in his heart of hearts for just one glance (yet fearing to look) which might assure him that his "maiden efforts" had not really proved in vain. Studying hard, yet not always with nose jammed between the pages of some time-honored volume of philosophy or history, the Junior is prominent on the ice pond, in the gymnasium and on the athletic grounds, but is never found at Martin Hall entrance, shaping his back against the rounded columns, nor in the library chuckling and simpering over the well worn pages of "Puck" and "Judge."

Juniors in the Agricultural College, in the Engineering Department, Civil and not Civil, and candidates galore, male and female, for the Bachelor of Arts degree with major study here, yonder and everywhere,—in Law, in Mathematics, in Language, in History and in Sciences, Physical and Domestic, What, indeed, does the world need that the Junior Class cannot supply? Its coming farmers already know that for the best results potatoes must be planted in the right quarter of the moon; its civil engineers can survey with perfect accuracy land in any quantity, from the half-acre lot where the pine trees grew, east of Commencement Hall, to the 6x2 plot on the hill side which common benevolence vouchsafes as a last inheritance to every cumberer of the ground; its mechanical engineers can draft

in picture sheen any design of structure, from a North wing of University Hall to a flight of beautifully carved stone steps at the front end of "Prep" Building; its students of Language can write stories as inspiring as "The Great Stone Face" or as prolific of nightmare as ordinary boarding-house hash with no stint of leeks for flavor and seasoning; its scientists can discourse learnedly on all matters of professional investigation, from the life history of the Rhamphyrhynchus to the economy and propriety of serving tomatoes in different styles of dress; its lawyers can quote Blackstone with a dignity all but sufficient to awe into reverence the very Dean himself. What more could be expected of one class? Yet we have doctors to cure all our earthly ills and ministers to prescribe for ailments unearthly. Thus is the Junior Class sufficient unto every necessity, a perfect and complete community in itself.

Thus, too, is this record, though all is not told;
Should you read the whole story, 'twould take till you're old,
Of toil without ceasing, of trouble and care,
Through struggles with "Bildad," "Foxey" Stewart and Hare.
We sigh, too, relieved, when come thoughts from the past
Of hours spent with Woolery, Truscot, Emory and Fast,
Of scenes with McKenzie and laughing Sam Brown,
The drollest and funniest professor in town.
We've heard the Judge storm, we've sat weeks under Brooke,
We've tried to fool Willey by each hook and crook:
We've heard Hodges speak, we've seen Douthat's faint smile,
We've "noted results" under Whitehill the while.
There's Reynold's, the chaplain, must not be forgot.
The sternest and crossest looking man in the lot:
Nor Doctor Hall Raymond, for convenience called "prex,"
With one hand in our hair, the other clutching our necks.
We've had hard times all round, they're not ended yet,
But we'll go on complaining and take the best we can get;
And we'll love the dear teachers, though they do vex us sore:
It may be for the best, as we've oft heard of yore.
There's more power for the man whose strength now is great,
Though there's death to the lad who must fall neath the weight.
But let no Junior falter, with hand joined to hand,
United in effort we're destined to stand. —Historian.

Roll of Juniors.

"He had a face like a benediction."

WILLIAM HALDERMAN BAYLES, Gladesville, Rhetoric.
Vice President of Y. M. C. A., 1899-1000. Parthenon.

"Let cupid be careful."

FANNIE CAMPBELL BERKLEY, Morgantown, French.
Dramatic club.

"She hath done what she could,"

MONA ALETHA BITTLE, Morgantown, Latin.

"Let him first be a man."

CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE, K A Morgantown, Greek.
Winner of first prize in Greek, 1899.

"Richest treasures oft are buried deepest."

ORA OCTAVE COLEBANK, Stewartstown, Philosophy.

"Modesty is woman's greatest charm."

MINNIE CORE, Mt. Morris, Pa., English.
Secretary of Columbian Society. Vice President Y. W. C. A.

"A good man, but only a few people knew it."

PRICE WINFRED COOPER, Auburn, Law.

"Never man spake as this man."

HOWARD RALPH CROSSLAND, Φ K Σ Newhaven, Pa., Chemistry.
Base ball. Manager of foot ball team, '99.

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed."

RACHEL JANE HAGANS DILLE, Morgantown, Greek.

"A nice little boy."

RAYMOND DODSON, Spencer, English.

"Oh, for some one to love me."

JAMES THOMAS DAILEY, Φ Σ K Buckhannon, Law.
Columbian.

"I am very well satisfied with myself."

HUGO FRANKENBERGE, Σ A Charleston, English.
Hartigan Orchestra, Assistant Advertising Editor, Monticola, '00.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."

ALLEN LEE HAWSE, K A Needmore, English.

"I am more than my enemies."

FLORA RAY HAYES, K Δ Morgantown, German.
Musician.

"They call me a Prep. but I ain't."

LUCIAN AUSELM HILL, Φ Σ K Hinton, Chemistry.

Burns.
Corbin.
Dodson.
Frankenberger.
Garrison.
Hickman.
Rose.
J. R. Moreland.
Ross.
McGregor.
W. W. Smith.
Miller.
Shriver.
Neely.
Vannoy.

"The world is not what it used to be."
LEANA HAGUE PROVINCE, Masontown, Pa., English.
Parthenon. Vice President Sophmore class, '98, '99.

"A harmless machine."
CLARENCE POE, Κ Α Grafton, History.
Editor-in-chief of Monticola '00. Parethenon. Class Poet, '99, '00.

"Perhaps he will grow."
HAROLD F. ROGERS, Moundsville, Philosophy.
Devotional Committee of Y. M. C. A.

"Why was I born? Behold my name."
JOHN HOFFMAN SCHISSLER, Σ Α Morgantown, Chemistry.

"Courage stoops not to be proud."
ROSS CHALFANT SHRIVER, Wadestown, Philosopy.
Columbian. Social Committee Y. M. C. A.

"Oh the perils of genius."
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SHUTTLEWORTH, Σ Α Clarksburg, Philosopy.
Athletic Association.

"I am what I am."
WILLIAM WINFRED SMITH, Φ Σ Κ, Ceredo, Sociology.
Assistant Librarian. Vice President of Y. M. C. A. Parethnon.

"Why don't the men propose."
MARY VIRGINIA SANDERS, Madesville, Physics.

"Sense is like a grain of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff."
HARRY ALONZO ST. CLAIR, Stewartstown, Rhetoric.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."
MADISON STATHERS Θ Κ Ψ, Alma, Latin.

"The greatest truths are the simpliest, and so are the greatest men."
PHIL ANDERSON SHAFFER, Φ Κ Ψ, Martinsburg, Chemistery.
Monticola 1900. Columbian declaimer 1899.

"There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark."
JOHN DEXTER VANNOY, Morgantown, English.
Parthenon debator for 1900. Y. M. C. A.

"She whom all adore."
MARY LOUISE YEAGER, Wheeling, German.
Chairman of Missionary Committee in Y. W. C. A.

"I must to the barber, these whiskers are an offense."
DANA BLACKBURN BURNS, Burnsville, B.S.C.E.

"This senior-junior, giant-dwarf.
RAY VERNON HENNON, St. Cloud, B.S.C.E.

"Better late than never."

WALTER FORCE HOLLAND, Morgantown, B.S.C.E.
Engineering Society.

"Another argument against imigration."

EMORY ISON IRELAND, White Oak, B.S.C.E.
Columbian. Engineering Society. Y. M. C. A.

"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep."

JOHN GILMORE ROSS, Morgantown, B.S.C.E.
Engineering Society.

"Beauty is akin to death."

WILLIAM LOUIS SIX, $\Phi \Sigma K$, Wadestown, B.S.C.E.
President of Junior Class. Illustrating Editor of Monticola. Engineering Society.

"Stately and tall he stands in the hall."

ROBERT CALVIN YOHO, ΣN, Rosbysrock, B.S.C.E.
Engineering Society. Sergeant, Co. M, 1st W. Va. Volunteers.

"He offended none."

WALTER LORING LOWE, Shinston, B.S.M.E.
Columbian.

"What ails this heart of mine?"

CLYDE RANDOLHP, $\Phi \Sigma K$, Salem, B.S.M.E.
President of Sophmore Class, '98, '99. President of Engineering Society, '99.

"A pretty soldier boy."

JAMES ROGERS MORELAND, $K A$, Morgantown, Law.
Parthenon. First Lieutenant, Co. A, Corps of Cadets.

"Rock me to sleep."

LEWIS CLARENCE THOMPSON, $\Phi \Sigma K$, Morgantown, B.S.M.E.
Engineering Society. Historian of Sophmore Class, '98, '99.

"He's more to be pitied than censured."

HARRY DAVIS CORRELL, Lewisburg, B.S.Agr.

"Did you ever hear him sing?"

FRED ROSS BURKE, Pittsburg, Pa., B.S.C.E.
Baseball. Glee Club. Mandolin Club.

"Redheaded and crazy."

ALBERT FORD DICKEY, $\Phi K \Psi$, Huntington, B.S.C.E.
University Baseball, '99, '00.

"A pretty name I have."

OPHA FLEMING JENKINS, Morgantown, B.S.M.E.

"The world knows nothing of her great man."

CHARLES B. HICKMAN, Fairmont, English.
Parthenon Orator for June contest.

"Cold in name, in affection warm."

ELIAS CLARK ICE, Mannington, German.

"I care not for the flattery of men."

SARAH WAUGH JOHNSON, Morgantown, Zoology.
Secretary Junior class. Parthenon Public Performance Debator, '99.

"A sign of Spring."

JAMES VALENTINE LANGFITT, Eagle Mills, Zoology.

"Laugh and grow fat."

ORIE MCCONKEY, Clarksburg, Physics.
Principal public schools, Clarksburg.

"It is not good for man to dwell alone."

FRANK HERBERT MCGREGOR, Cairo, Law.
Foot ball and base ball.

"There are not many like me."

ARLINGTON BLISS MCCRUM, $\Phi K \Sigma$ Aurora, Law.

"Little, but oh my."

CHARLES NATHAN MCWHORTER, ΣN Lewisburg, Law.
Foot ball '98–'99. Captain base ball '00. Athletic Association.

"Thank Heaven for breath."

HOWARD MELCHIOR MEYERS, Bramwell, Greek.

"My mind to me a kingom is."

GILBERT BENTON MILLER $\Phi K \Psi$–$\Theta N E$ Kearneysville, Greek.
Monticola editor. Columbian Essayist '00.

"For this cause shall a man leave father and mother."

JACOB FRANKS MILLER, Oldframe, Pa., Philosophy.
Parthenon, Y. M. C. A.

"Words are like leaves, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense is seldom found."

JOHN DEMENT MULDOON, Triadelphia, English.
Teacher in Shepherd College State Normal School.

"The 'fort' was his strong point."

MATHEW MANSFIELD NEELY, $\Phi \Sigma K$ Smithton, Law.
Business Manager of Monticola. Corporal, Co. D, 1st W. Va. volunteers.

"None named her but to praise."

REBECCA LUPTON NORRIS, Glenville, Chemistry.

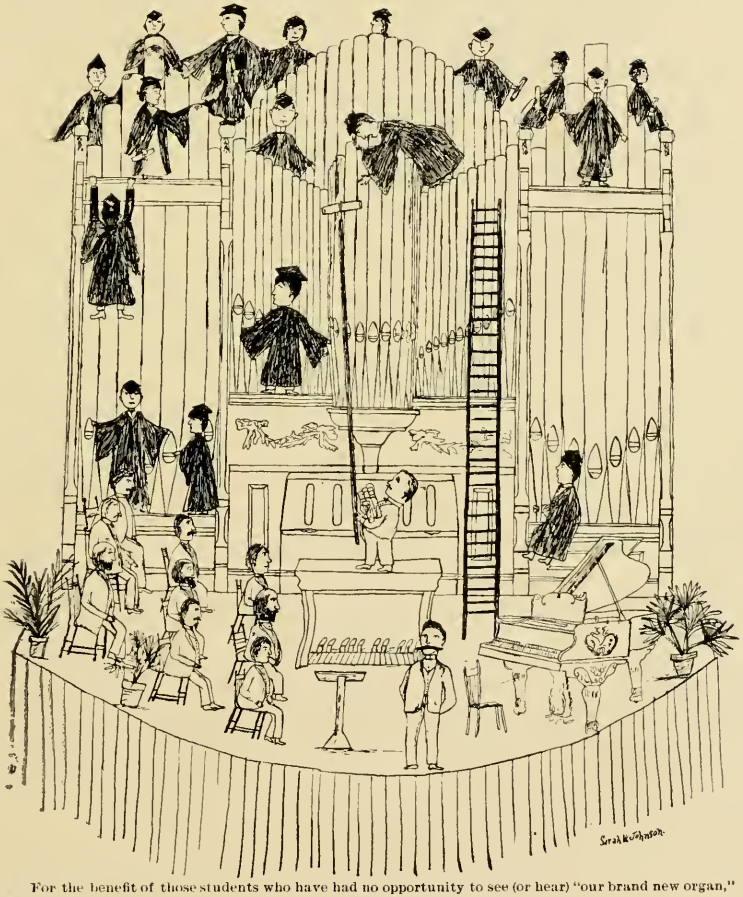
"Tommy likes arithmetic."

THOMAS SIMEON LANG, $\Phi \Sigma K$, Bridgeport, B.S.C.E.

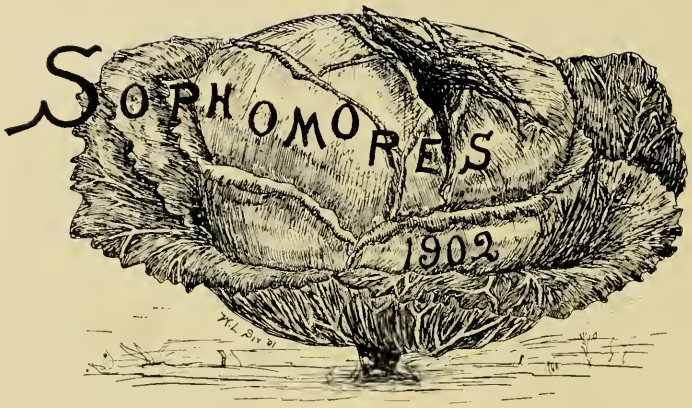
"A curly headed youth."
RALPH ROGERS, Morgantown, B.S.M.

"He's a bird."
WALTER AMBROSE SWALLOW, Pittsburg, Pa., B.S.C.E.

"Forks and knives he uses not."
ERNEST CORBIN TABLER, Martinsburg, B.S.C.E.



For the benefit of those students who have had no opportunity to see (or hear) "our brand new organ," we publish this picture, "taken from life," of COMMENCEMENT IN 1900.



Officers.

President,	Frank William Cushwa.
Vice President,	Robert Morrow Brown.
Secretary,	Elizabeth Mattingly Stalnaker.
Treasurer,	Emil Pearl Taylor,
Historian,	Hayes Harold Keener.
Poetess,	Leila Henkle Bitner.

Colors.

Blue and Crimson.

Motto.

"Palma nulla sine labora."

Yell.

And-a-bee-wo, and-a-bi-no,
And-a-bee-no-bi-no-bum.
Bum get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap,
Bum get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap.
Bum! Bum! Caina-Baw!
Siz-Bum-Bah!
Nineteen two—Nineteen two.
Hoo—rah!!!

History of the Sophomores.

HAPPY are they who have no history. If this be true the Sophomores are very unhappy. Quietly and unassumingly they have kept the "even tenor of their way." But this quietness is that of which we are most proud; for as the great masses of matter move with minute exactness and without disturbance in their paths, and as the great forces of nature exert their power unnoticed, so the class of 1902 marches steadily on. All great forces act silently.

The half can never be told,—the faculty keeps a secret well—and the dearth of this telling will be mourned by our successors as the burning of the Alexandrian library is mourned by the educated world; and the part that the editors rejected ruined the whole story.

Whence we came, no one knows—no one wants to know. Some years ago a well-known scientist startled the world by advocating a theory in which a reference to the monkey played a conspicuous part. No less startled are the Sophomores when they are reminded they came from the "preps;" and with almost equal reluctance they admit the truth of the proposition that the freshmen were in the line of ascent. But such points must be passed lightly, and only our consciencious adherence to the truth has induced us to mention these embarrassing facts. This is as far back as we have investigated, and is as far in the past as our present history is concerned.

Some time later in our period of existence we found that we had advanced far enough to be Sophomores. Old customs and usages were laid aside—also "Love's Rhyming Dictionary"—as we tried to accommodate ourselves to our new environments. Our ideas broadened. "Three yards to gain;" "stand pat;" "come seven or 'leven;" and "two men down," are expressions which are now perfectly intelligible.

The class of '00—the naughty nits—believing that men "become much more the better for being a little bad," justly claims the distinction of being the "naughtiest" class the institution has ever graduated. They will hold the honor for exactly one hundred years.

Following the bonds of thought and sympathy that exist between the Seniors and Sophomores, the class of '02 want to be considered naughty too.

In most of the college organizations we have members of whom we are proud. Not a few honors have come our way. Under the elective system many of our members have shown much originality, but not so much as a Junior, who, with girlology for his major, takes campus, chapel, profane languages and anything else that's loose. Our reverence for history again reveals uncouth truths. Our class as a whole is composed of earnest, hard-working students, who have high aims and ideals, and who are diligently working to prepare themselves for their life's work.

In the battles of the world may they prove as victorious as they have been while Sophomores. May they be as free from care as when at old W. V. U., and have new friends as true as the old; and when the conflicts are ended and the warfare is o'er, may they hear the welcome words, "Well done."

HISTORIAN.

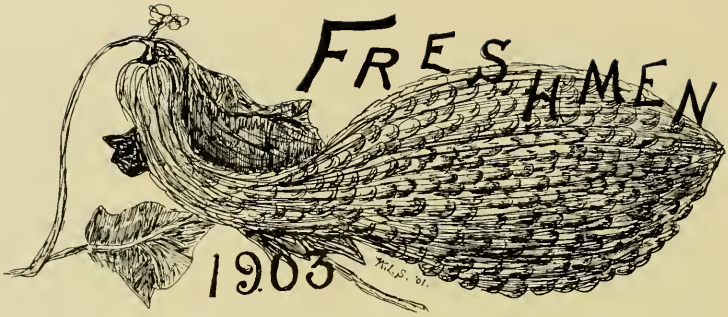
Roll of Sophomores.

Clyde Alexander.
Bruce Bailey,
George Harman Bayles.
J. Tipping Beall,
Marston Boughner,
Robert Hanson Boyd,
Boaz Baxter Cox,
Charles E. Derbyshire,
John Wesley Early,
William Herbert Gibson,
Francis Clyde Herod,
Frank David Hutchinson,
Hiram Gordon Larew,
Henry Shaw Lively,
Earle Cook Maxwell,
Dwight Edmund Miller,
Irene Miller,
Frank Walker Muldoon,
Edgar Ulyses Richards,
Delbert Thomas Robinson,
Sydney Schloss,
Elizabeth Mattingly Stalnaker,
William Merle Watkins,

William Frank Alexander,
William Michael Baumgardner,
Clarence Hough Beall,
Leila Hinkle Bitner,
Frank Lewellen Bowman,
Robert Morrow Brown,
Frank William Cushwa,
Harding Lelloyne Duvall,
Philip Freshwater,
Marie Eleanor Harvey,
Beulah Brooke Hubbard,
Hayes H. Keener,
Robert Joseph Largent,
Walter H. Myers,
Alexander McVey Miller,
Frances Livermore Miller,
Lily Sarah Morgan,
Martin Emmet Nelson,
Carel Robinson,
Herschel Hampton Rose,
Maude Seville Sennett,
Earnie Pearl Taylor,
Francis B. Waugh,

Florence Arnold Wood.

SOPHOMORES



[NOTE:—We regret to say that the Freshmen are too young for a history, and not sufficiently logical for an organization.—EDS.]

Roll of Freshmen.

Karl Clark Atkeson,
Charles Wesley Briggs,
Lavigo Washington Burns,
Andrew Leopold Click,
Linnie Belle Cobun,
Emmert Luther Cole,
Albert Jackson Collett,
Mary Coplin,
Blanche Corbin,
Eva Laura Crago,
Daniel Dawson,
Ada Mae Halstead,
Jeannette Clement Hayes,
James Vance Howe,
Frank Batson Kunst,
Robert Huffman Killingsworth,
Ernest Daniel Lewis,
Arthur Mapel Lucas,
Lawrence Paxton Miller,
Archie Hamilton Miller,
Harry Francis O'Neill,
Benjamin Franklin Patton,
William Erwin Parsons,
Tusca Morris,
Herbert Cromwell Peck,
William Chalfant Price,
Lida Ethel Province,
Frederick Franklin Richards,
Victor Ernest Shelford,
Louis Clark Snyder,
Seth Thomas,
George Thomas Watson,
Wm. H. Wayt,
Carrie Samantha Wells,
Edna Earle Wertz,
Elizabeth Wilson Whitehill,
Charles Larkin Moore,
Howard E. Williams,
Virginia Farragnt Wilson,
Aurora Wiren,
George Washington Wood,
George Washington Wright,
Frank Roy Yoke.

The Law Student,

BY A SCIENTIST.

CERTAIN classical students whose delicate organisms and etherial ideas of the eternal fitness of things have been rudely shocked by the free and easy abandon of the Law Students, have dubbed them "The Barbarians." The prospective lawyers are delighted to have this appellation bestowed upon them. It harmonizes with their own ideas of their importance in the development of civilization and in the realization of the nation's manifest destiny. Time was when they were characterized as "Judge Johnson's Animals," by indisputable authority in a tone and manner which left on doubt as to the low order of their classification. Hence, recognition by the learned classicists as having reached an elementary stage of civilization shows not only the innate capabilities of the genus, but augurs well for its future.

The Law Student is a creature of conspicuous individuality. To visitors, he is the first object of interest. Preps gaze at him in open-mouthed wonder and tremble as he strides past them on the street. Despite numerous scientific inquiries that have been made concerning his habits and characteristics, much yet remains to be given to the world concerning this extraordinary member of the *genus homo*. Indeed, many of the scientific dissertations regarding him that have already appeared have proceeded upon false hypotheses, leading to erroneous conclusions and involving many false statements, misleading to the popular mind. For example, the very general impression that the Law Student always carries about his person a brace of six-shooters and a dirk, is absolutely unfounded; his only weapons are a jack-knife for engraving purpose while in class, and a bean-shooter for self-defense while in Judge Johnson's room.

Again, the theory that the distinguished consideration in which the

Law Student is held by the faculty and particularly his extreme popularity with the President arises from fear of extermination, is cruelly unjust both to himself and faculty. The great respect and deference shown him is due solely to a recognition of his ability as an agitator and a circulator of petitions. It is the purpose of this article to dispel such illusions concerning him and to add something to the cause of truth by setting forth the results of numerous painstaking and careful observations covering a considerable period.

When seen under the most favorable circumstances, the Law Student is about six feet in height, encases his nether extremities in high-water trousers, is adorned with a red tie, has long flowing hair, an embryonic mustache, wears a pair of large glasses and a winning smile. During the hours of forenoon, he frequents the University grounds and can usually be found attached to a tobacco pipe about the steps of University Hall. In the afternoon he is asleep at his room. His nights are spent in the pool-room and at church receptions.

He is of a decidedly gregarious disposition, and enjoys congregating in groups with his fellows. At such times the festive joyousness of his nature cannot be restrained, and led by the class President, he breaks forth in patriotic songs or in outbursts of college enthusiasm that make the campus ring with his hearty detonations. He is the factor that conserves the *esprit de corps* of the institution.

He is strong and hardy and accomplished in athletics. He throws a "missile" across the room with unerring precision, and can kick the chair from under his fellow with agility and dispatch. His snow-balls fly true to the mark and his class rushes down the hall are irresistible.

He has a natural aptitude for art. The inscriptions left upon his seat and the walls of his class room will compare favorably with all similar carvings or engravings done elsewhere about the institution. The caricatures made of his instructors often bear a striking resemblance to the original, and for suggestiveness and uniquity of design are unsurpassed.

He has a strong sense of appreciation. No one is capable of more generous or frequent outbursts of applause than he. He is indispensable at pipe organ recitals, and the Law Faculty could not lecture without him. He appreciates the ladies as no other student can, and a smile from a "co-ed" will make him spend his last dime for soda water.

He is a politician by instinct. Other classes may tamely organize by unanimous agreement, but not the Law Classes. Life would be a round of unbroken monotony without a red-hot contest for class officers. He delights in hurried caucuses, parliamentary struggles and hotly contested elections. In political demonstrations he is unequaled. The Lavelle parade is an immortal page of history and the traditions of the memorable night upon which Morgantown policemen realized for the first time the potency of the law students in public affairs will still be repeated when the old town

shall have crumbled into ruins and the shadowy forms of bullying policemen are wandering in solitude amid the labyrinths of Hades.

He is a firm believer in the dignity of his intended profession and will resent the slightest insinuation that he is one whit less essential to the world's progress than his brethren in the other departments. The good name and reputation of the law classes he will maintain at all times and at all hazards, and he is as quick to resent a reflection upon a fellow lawyer as he is a personal affront. No student in any other department is one-half so loyal to his professors, both in and out of college. Years after he has entered upon the practice of his profession, you find in him the same profound respect and veneration for the men from whom he drew his notions of law and justice that he felt in college—a high and sincere tribute to the sterling worth of his instructors.

When he leaves college and goes out into the world to grapple with its problems, his qualities of self reliance, energetic aggressiveness, and independence of action, win for him the esteem of his fellowmen, and bring him deserved success. Seek him where you will, you find him faithfully discharging his duties and protecting the interests committed to his care. The world has need of the lawyers and cannot do without them.

History of Senior Law Class.

IF YOUR HONOR PLEASE:

WE, the distinguished Class of 1900, make this, our second and last appearance as a distinct organization. However, we shall appear again, each for himself; and when hereafter you seem to see clouds of glory skim the horizon, know that one of our number is near.

Some of us have labored long in this institution; others have toiled in distant colleges; but the palmy days of our usefulness in instituting reforms, in posing as models of modest decorum, in showing the other departments of the University the true spirit of justice, manhood and uncompromising integrity, began when two years ago a complete organization enabled us to act as a united whole. We then gave the "Honor League" such assistance that its labors were soon successfully completed. "I have shown conclusively in an able and elaborate opinion that the constitution follows the flag" (on examination day). See Cato's opinion in "Politician after Votes."

We are the very embodiment of the "Golden Rule," as the most exacting moralist may see by observing any one of our members when he is asleep. We make no compromises with sin, nor with evil doers; in fact, we are opposed to all compromises as detrimental to our profession and pocketbooks. Our influence and activity are felt in all departments of the University. In the social circle our "Lights" shine brightest; on the campus we do our training; in Law Building Hall we turn out reputations to order. While thus engaged in our ordinary avocation,

> The prep looks on with trembling awe
> And longs to be a Senior Law,
> While girls admire our manly looks
> And for a smile forsake their books.

To show that we are not egotistic in the claims that we make for our class, read the expressions from prominent members of the faculty:

"The only class in the University that can be trusted on examination day."
JUDGE.

"I think we will have to get an injunction against those other fellows."
PROF. WILLEY.

"I don't know whether it is fair, sir; but if you don't know it, I'll ask it on examination day, sir, and perhaps the excitement will make it clear, sir."
DR. BROOKE.

See how we have raised the standard of our department from a single year to a four year's course. We now suggest that at the next "raising" some people be prepared for the professional standard. Our marvelous success has been due in part, we believe, to that immense Law Library

SENIOR LAW CLASS.

which was purchased, but which never came. However, hope never dies in the breast of the lawyer, and perhaps some sweet day, when the members of this class are faithfully discharging the duties of state, that library may come; then succeeding generations will rise up and gather golden treasures from the precious volumes.

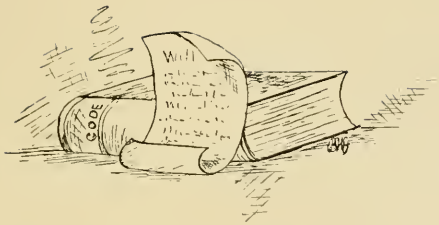
Our worthy presidents, Coleman and Hughes, both say they could "Easily" "Guy" the other fellow, but will not do it lest harmony should be constrained. Personal sacrifice is one of our chief characteristics. Some of our members have already expressed a willingness to completely forego self-interest and give their service to the state; others are ready to do likewise as soon as the call becomes imperative. As the day of parting draws near we naturally look into one another's faces, thinking of courts of justice, legislative halls and legal benches, and then wonder when we shall meet again.

But now we bid a final farewell to the University and to each other for a few short days, believing that the memory of the Senior Law Class of the West Virginia University of the year 1900 will not soon fade from the memory of man.

HISTORIAN.

Roll of Senior Law Class.

Edward Staples Barnitz, A. B.
Van Ara Barrickman,
Seaton Garland Butler,
Marshall A. Byrnside,
Gibson Lamb Caldwell,
Henry Stuart Cato,
Thomas Coleman, A. M.,
John Cookman,
Jesse Ward Daniel,
Clay Day,
Joseph Henry Donahey,
David Milton Easley,
Harry Lightfoot Flournoy,
Robert Emmett Guy,
John James Hendrick,
William Wellington Hughes,
John Palmer Hundley,
Clark Langley,
Count Lee Radcliffe,
Gerald Newton Smith.
William Jefferson Snee,
Charles Patrick Swint,
Frank Weaver,
George Rogers Clark Wiles.



Junior Law Class.

IT IS the proud task of this historian to record some of the deeds and characteristics of a class that is the most noted in the University, which fact is recognized by all from the unsophisticated denizen of "Prepdom" to the wisest of the Seniors, and that "it is the only class in school possessing the proper college spirit," has been the confirmed judgment, not only of the students, but of the citizens of the town.

The Junior Law Class is composed of members representing four states and ranging in age from the nineteen-year-old prosecuting attorney from Wood county, to the forty-year-old, dignified and eloquent legislator from Wetzel county. It would indeed be interesting to write a short sketch of the lives of such members as the ever contriving and pugnacious Horner, the "Widower" Correll the "satirist" Laing, the sportive Brackman, "Mark Hanna" Chapman, the ever-prominent (?) Corbin, "Grand Dodger" Alexander, the whole-souled Wooddell, "Schoolmaster" Craig, the loquacious Beltzhoover, the "ladies' man" Daley, "Presenter of newspaper clippings" McGlumphy, the once-for-all deciding McCrum, "Nimrod" Ice, "Res Gestae" Higganbotham, etc., but to give any substantial idea of the eventfulness of the lives of such men would require many volumes without footnotes and appendices, so we must forbear that honorable task and deal with the class as an organization rather than with the individuals thereof.

After a most animated contest—no less than five meetings, where the

factional spirit rose high, being required to complete the organization—the following officers were chosen to administer the wishes of this honorable class for the year of 1900. "Veteran" Hodges, of the Spanish-American war, whose dignity, executive ability, and enhancing beauty are unquestioned, fills the chair. Other bright lights of the official list are: "Legislator apparent" Ramsay, V. P., "No dying or parting" King, Sec.; "Suspector of political intrigues" Leonard, Treas.; "Silence-loving" Larden, constable; "Practical" Schriver, justice of the peace. With such an array of talent, who can fortell the results of their mighty deeds as officers of the immortal Junior Law Class! Right worthy are they of the magnificent demonstration that occurred in their honor on the evening after their election in which go-carts, store-box drums, songs and yells figured so prominently as to make it memorable as one of the chief historical events of the class, and the zeal with which the minority participated in that demonstration displayed such a submission to the will of the majority as is known only to *men* and not to a mere species of the genus homo.

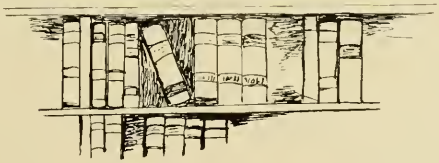
Not alone upon such special occasions is the "spirit" of the class manifested, but daily, whether in the deliverance of the Junior Law "special" of "Whisky Wow," the patriotic chant of "Who was George Washington?" snowballing "Preps," traveling over "Black Acre," "White Acre," and the "Manor of Dale" until bewildered in the mazes of scholastic disquisition, "courting trouble," or showing keen appreciation of polished perorations, that same characteristic is manifest.

The members of the Junior Law Class are prominent in almost every phase of college life. No class of students takes a more active part in literary work, and the literary societies displayed the best of judgment in selecting five of their officers from our ranks. Our musical talent is manifest by our representation in every performance of the Mandolin and Guitar and Glee Clubs. The fact that our own "Valentine" is the chosen representative of W. V. U. at the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest is evidence of our ability along that line. On the athletic field we stand preeminent. Seven of the members of the foot ball team and four of the baseball are of our number. Chapman was captain of the former last year and with Larden and Hodges, manager and captain respectively of the former, and Brown and McWhorter of the latter for this year, all may be confident that the athletic part of the school will be ably represented both upon the gridiron and diamond and that many victories thereon will afford glorious opportunties for old-time "thuses."

Now we come to the trait of the class, loyalty to each other as members of the same class, as best displayed in the ever-to-be-remembered-torchlight procession which took place after the announcement of the worthy ambition of one of our class to be State Treasurer. Not content with mere

resolutions of unamimous support, we superceded them with such a gorgeous display of martial music, red fire, and complimentary speeches, as, in the language of one of the dailies "exceeded anything like it in the history of the town." Even Horner in all his career as a public man confessed that he had never before witnessed such a glorious demonstration, and what was true as per banner—"The Junior Law Class for Lavelle to a man"—would be equally so in the case of any other member of the class who should aspire to a worthy object.

In addition to its college spirit, its prominence in the various departments of the University, its preeminence in athletics and its loyalty to each other, the class is composed of high-minded, generous and able men and when launched upon the world we feel sure they will be as conspicuous in their chosen profession as they have been thus far in the pursuit of that honorable calling.



Junoir Law Roll.

George Heckert Alexander.
L. D. Archer.
William Gray Barnhart.
George Morris Beltzhoover, A.B.
Robert Bland.
Edwin Sortorus Bond.
Stuart Hampton Bowman, A.B.
William Byrne Bowman.
Mason Clark Brackman.
Albert Gallatin Brown.
Ernest Burton Carlin.
Philip Alonzo Carson.
Alexander Campbell, B.S.
Braden Hurst Christner.
William Lynne Cochran.
Herbert M. Coleman.
Fieldon Clark Cook.
Frank Pickering Corbin.
Samuel Oscar Correll.
Bruddy Craig.
George Perry Crockett.
Lynn Cutright.
Herbert Orland Davis.
Russell Edwards.
Ashton File.
Joseph Friedberg.
Harry Alpheus Garrison.
Hugh LaRue Hammond.
Daniel Boon Hardwick.
Jacob Milton Harper.
Orville Lloyd Harrison.
Abel Parker Upshur Higginbotham.
Milton Stanley Hodges, A.B.
Thomas Ramage Horner.
David Harlan King.
Stuart Robinson King.
Darrell Kenneth Koonce.
Thomas Kay Laing, A.B.
Frank Miller Lardin.
Charles Joseph Lavelle.
Daniel Blake Leonard.
Edd Leslie Long.
Albert Enoch Marple.
Berk McCaffery.
Thayer Melvin McIntire.
Elmo McVey.
George Patterson.
Adolpha A Piles.
Thomas Edwin Powell.
Samuel Alfred Powell.
Robert Lincoln Ramsey.
Emory Martin Reidenour.
Frank Winfield Riggs.
Horald Ross Sayer.
John Shriver.
Walter Fry Singhass.
George Whitfield Smoot.
Watt Evermore Spurlock.
Terence D. Stewart.
Charles Wilbur Stump.
John Lee Taylor.
John Holt Tiernan.
Tom Chasteene Townsend.
William B. Trippett
Valentine Tilden Tustin.
Hugh Warder,
Kemble White, A.B.
Clinton Aubrey Wolfe.
Luther J. Wolfe.
Will Lawrence Wooddell.
John Marshall Wolverton.
Robert V. Wright.

JUNIOR LAW CLASS.

NOTE.—It grieves *ye* editors to admit that as yet they have not succeeded in compiling any history for the Preps. They hope to be able to publish one in the (dim and distant) future editions of this book.

Oscar Vance Armstrong,
Theodore Joseph Arthur,
Jessie Herbert Auvil,
Frank Gilbert Harer Baumgardner,
Lawrence Edward Bennett,
Charles Forest Boyers,
Thomas Armstead Bowman,
Roscoe Brown,
Joseph Kerr Buchanan,
Francis Marion Cain,
John William Cummins,
Jean Valjean Cooke,
William De Gardeyn,
Herbert Warder Dent,
Henry Price Duty,
William Gibson Dorman,
Tennyson Le Moyne Embleton,
Fred Curl Flennekin,
Robert David Hennen,
Roster Romeo Hughes,
George Washington Hunter,
Henry Jacob Herney,
William Henry Kendrick,
John Clyde Lewis,
Edgar Brown Le Fevre,
Fannie May Leech,
Maud Lough,
Arthur Paul Jones,
Julius Ray McMillen,
Russell Hennen McMillen,
William George Milligan.
David Warren Miller,
Solomon Granville Moore,
James Scott Murphy,
Charles Beall Waggener Neale,
Howard John Ong,
Monroe Qwnby.
Dickson Ward Parsons,
James Clarence Patterson,
M. C. Peck,
Archibald McBride Porter,
George Carrol Rhoades,
Justus J. Ross,
Helen Maud Sanders,
William Roy Shaw,
Bertha Jane Smith,
Earle Bayley Snyder,
James Frederick Stone,
Richard Watkins Trapnell,
Mary Augusta Wilson,
Annarie Willis.

PREPS.

Edith Hortense Adams, Ravenswood.
Thomas Jermiah Casey, Morgantown.
Samuel Marmaduke Dent. Duke.
John Otho Downey, Martinsburg.
Robert Wells McIntire, Latrobe, Pa.
Henry Lazier Moreland, Moyer, Pa.
Phoebe Moore, Mannington.
Claud Pepper, Flemington.
John Calvin Smith, Salem.
Harry George Steele, Keystone.

FRATERNITIES

Summary of Fraternities.

	Graduate Students.	Seniors.	Juniors.	Sophomores.	Freshmen.	Preps.	Specials.	Total.
Phi Kappa Psi.....	2	6	5	5	1	0	1	20
Phi Sigma Kappa...	2	7	9	4	1	0	0	23
Sigma Chi	2	4	4	4	4	2	1	21
Phi Kappa Sigma...	1	4	2	1	2	1	5	16
Kappa Alpha.....	1	2	2	4	3	2	0	14
Mu Pi Lambda.....	0	4	0	0	1	1	3	9
Theta Nu Epsilon...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kappa Delta.....	2	4	1	2	4	1	0	14
Phi Pi Alpha	0	0	1	3	4	0	4	12
Totals.	10	31	24	23	20	7	14	129

Phi Kappa Psi.

Roll of Active Chapters.

First District.

Penn'a Alpha, Wash. & Jeff. College.
Penn'a Beta, Allegheny College.
Penn'a Gamma, Buchnell University.
Penn'a Epsilon, Gettysburg College.
Penn'a Zeta, Dickinson College.
Penn'a Eta, Franklin and Marshall College.
Penn'a Theta, Lafayette College.
Penn'a Iota, University of Penn'a.
Penn'a Kappa, Swathmore College.

Second District.

Mass. Alpha, Amherst College.
New Hamp. Alpha, Dartmouth Col.
N. Y. Alpha, Cornell University.
N. Y. Beta, Syracuse University.
N. Y. Gamma, Columbia College.
N. Y. Epsilon, Colgate University.
N. Y. Zeta, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Third District.

Md. Alpha, Johns Hopkins Univer'y.
Virginia Alpha, University of Va.
Virginia Beta, Wash. and Lee Uni'y.
West Virginia Alpha, U. of W. Va.
Mississippi Alpha, U. of Miss.

Fourth District.

Ohio Alpha, Ohio Wesleyan Uni'ty.
Ohio Beta, Wittenburg College.
Ohio Delta, University of Ohio.
Indiana Alpha, DePauw University.
Indiana Beta, University of Indiana.
Indiana Gamma, Wabash College.
Illinois Alpha, N. W. University.
Illinois Beta, University of Chicago.
Michigan Alpha, University of Michigan.

Fifth District.

Wisconsin Alpha, University of Wis.
Wisconsin Gamma, Beloit College.
Minnesota Beta, University of Minn.
Iowa Alpha, University of Iowa.
Kansas Alpha, University of Kansas.
Nebraska Alpna, University of Neb.
California Beta, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
California Gamma, University of California.

Alumni Associations.

Philadelphia,
Pittsburg,
Meadeville,
Newark,
New York City,
Buffalo,
Washington,
Cleveland,
Springfield,
Bucyrus,
San Francisco,
Los Angeles,
Toledo,
Cincinnati,
Indianapolis,
Anderson,
Chicago,
Kansas City,
Twin City,
Denver City,
Salt Lake City,
Multnomah.

Phi Kappa Psi.

WEST VIRGINIA ALPHA CHAPTER.

Colors.

Pink and Lavender.

Frater in Urbe.

REV. A. M. BUCHANAN, A. M., - - Pastor Presbyterian Church.

Fratres in Facultate.

WILLIAM P. WILLEY, A.M., - - Professor of Equity Jurisprudence and Commercial Law.
FREDERICK W. TRUSCOTT, Ph.D., - Professor of Germanic Languages.
LLOYD L. FRIEND, A.B., - - - - Instructor in English.

Fratres in Universitate.

Stuart H. Bowman, A. B. '98.

Allen W. Porterfield, A.B. '99.

'00.

Scott C. Lowe, Charles W. Waddell,
Lathrop R. Charter, Jr., Chauncey D. Willey,
Henry S. Cato, William W. Hughes,

'01.

Frank M. Lardin, Phil A. Shaffer,
Gilbert B. Miller. Madison Stathers,
E. Leslie Long.

'02.

Tusca Morris, Frank W. Cushwa,
Carel Robinson, Albert F. Dickey,
Robert M. Brown.

'03.

Daniel Dawson, Cyrus M. Christy.

Robinson. Hughes. Long. Morris. Shaffer. Charter
Miller Cato Cushwa Lardin Bowman Porterfield

Brown Willey Dickey Dawson Stothers Lowe
Christy Waddell

Phi Sigma Kappa.

Founded 1873.

Delta Chapter.

Established 1891.

Fratres in Facultate.

JAMES H. STEWART, A.M., - - Director of Experiment Station.
RUSSELL LOVE MORRIS, C.E., - - Instructor in Civil Engineering.
CLEMENT R. JONES, M.E., - Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.
DENNIS M. WILLIS, LL. B., - - - Principal of Commercial School.

Fratres in Urbe.

EDGAR STEWART, LL. B., - - - - - - - - Lawyer.
ARTHUR L. BOYERS, D.D.S., - - - - - - - - Dentist.
JAMES C. FRAZER, LL. B., - - - - - - - - Lawyer.
CHARLES E. MCCOY, C.E., - - - - - - Civil Engineer.
GUY WILLEY, - - - - - - - - - - Electrician.

Fratres in Universitate.

Edward B. Carskadon, LL. B., '99.
Howard Mason Gore, A. B., '00.

1900.

Clyde Randolph,
James A. Meredith, Jr.,
Walter A. South,
Haymond Maxwell,
Thomas Coleman,
William Gregory Marten,
David M. Easley,

1901.

Thomas D. Lang,
Matthew Mansfield Neely,
Harry A. Garrison,
Terrence D. B. Stewart,
William L. Six,
James Thomas Daily,
William L. Wooddell,
Lucian A. Hill,
Louis C. Thompson,

1902.

Henry D. Lively,
William W. Smith,
Frank L. Bowman,
Howard E. Williams,

1903.

Frank B. Kunst.

Williams. Thompson. Kunst. McCoy. Meredith. Morris. Garrison.
Lang. White. Wooddell. E. B. Stewart. Neely. D. M. Willis. South. Smith.

Hill. T. D. B. Stewart. Coleman. Gore. Maxwell. Lively. Easily. Frazer.
Bowman. Daily. Randolf. Boyers. Marten.

Phi Sigma Kappa.

Roll of Chapters.

Alpha.—Massachusetts Agricultural College.
Beta.—Union University.
Gamma.—Cornell University.
Delta.—West Virginia University.
Epsilon.—Yale University.
Zeta.—College of the City of New York.
Eta.—University of Maryland.
Theta.—Columbia University.
Iota.—Stevens Institute of Technology.
Kappa.—The Pennsylvania State College.
Lambda.—The Columbian University.
Mu.—University of Pennsylvania.

SIGMA CHI. Roll of Active Chapters.

Founded 1855 at Miami University.

Alpha.—Miami University, '55.
Gamma.—The Ohio Wesleyan University, '55.
Kappa-kappa.—The University of Illinois, '56.
Eta.—The University of Mississippi, '57.
Lambda.—Indiana University, '58.
Xi.—De Pauw University, '59.
Omicron.—Dickinson College, '59.
Psi.—The University of Virginia, '60.
Theta.—Pennsylvania College, '63.
Epsilon.—Columbian University, '64.
Kappa.—Bucknell University, '64.
Rho.—Butler University, '65.
Zeta.—Washington and Lee University, '66.
Beta.—Wooster University, '66.
Phi.—Lafayette College, '67.
Mu.—Denison University, '68.
Omega.—The Northwestern University, '69.
Chi.—Hanover College, '71.
Tau.—Roanoke College. '72.
Sigma-Sigma.—Hampden-Lidney College, '72.
Gamma-Gamma.—Randolph-Macon College, '74.
Delta-Delta.—Purdue University, '75.
Phi-Phi.—The University of Pensylvania, '75.
Zeta-Zeta.—Center College, '76.
Alpha-Lambda.—The University of Wisconsin, '81.
Zeta-Psi.—The University of Cincinnati, '82.
Alpha-Gamma.—Ohio State University,' 82.
Alpha-Zeta.—Beloit College, '82.
Alpha-Theta.—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '82.
Alpha Iota.—The Illinois Wesleyan University, '82.
Alpha-Epsilon.—The University of Nebraska, '83.
Alpha-Nu.—The University of Texas, '84.
Alpha-Xi.—The University of Kansas, '84.
Alpha-Beta.—The University of California, '86.
Alpha-Omicron.—Tulane University, '86.
Alpha-Pi.—Albion College, '86.
Alpha-Rho.—Lehigh University, '87.
Alpha-Sigma.—The University of Minnesota, '88.
Alpha-Tau.—The University of North Carolina, '89.
Alpha-Upsilon.—The University of South California, '89.
Alpha-Phi.—Cornell University, '90.
Alpha-Psi.—Vanderbilt University, '90.
Alpha-Alpha.—Hobart College, '92.
Eta-Eta.—Dartsmouh College, '92.
Alpha-Chi.—Pennsylvania State College, '92.
Alpha-Omega.—Leland Standford Jr. University, '92.
Lambda-Lambda.—Kentuckey State College, '95
Nu-Nu.—Columbia University, '94.
Mu-Mu.—West Virginia University. '95.
Theta-Theta.—The University of Michigan, '96.
Xi-Xi.—The Uninversity of State of Missouri, '96.
Omicron-Omicron.—The University of Chicago. 99

Sigma Chi.

Mu Mu Chapter.

Established 1895.

Fratres in Urbe.

JUSTIN M. KUNKLE.
H. L. SWISHER.
W. E. GLASSCOCK.

Fratres in Universitate.

W. H. WHITHAM, B.S., '99.
C. F. HOLDEN, A.B., '99.

1900.

A. W. SMITH.
L. A. YEAGER.
J. A. GARRISON.

1901.

B. F. SHUTTLEWORTH.
R. C. YOHO.
HUGO FRANKENBERGER.
C. N. MCWHORTER.

1902.

C. E. DERBYSHIRE.
E. C. MAXWELL.
E. D. LEWIS.
HENRY CAPITO.
J. H. SCHISSLER.

1903.

J. V. COOKE.
W. J. COOPER.
M. C. PECK.
B. F. PATTON.
W. F. ALEXANDER.
D. E. MILLER.

1900 Law.

J. H. DONAHEY.

Derbyshire. Maxwell. Shuttleworth. Alexander. Miller. Whitham.

McWhorter. Capito. Garrison. Smith. Peck. Yoho. Schissler. Frankenberger. Yeager.

Phi Kappa Sigma.

Alpha Gamma Chapter.

Established, January 15, 1897.

Fratres in Universitate.

Howard R. Crossland,
John Ross Eakin,
Charles L. Moore,
Alexander L. Eddy,
Earl Harry Smith,
Buckner F. Scott,
Daniel B. Leonard,
David Lemen.

Robert Hanson Boyd,
John Otho Downey,
David Hott, Jr.,
A. Bliss McCrum,
Benjamin F. Conaway,
Stanhope M. Scott, Jr.,
J. Clyde Lewis,
Emmert L. Cole.

Eakin. S. M. Scott, Jr. Crossland. Lemen. Lewis. Boyd.

Cole. Leonard. Smith. Conaway. B. F. Scott.
Moore. McCrum. Downey.

Phi Kappa Sigma.

Founded at the University of Pennsylvania.

Roll of Active Chapters.

Alpha.—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1850.
Delta.—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., 1854.
Epsilon.—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., 1854.
Zeta.—Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., 1855.
Eta.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1855.
Tau.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., 1872.
Upsilon.—Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., 1872.
Phi.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va., 1873.
Psi.—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa., 1890.
Alpha-Alpha.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., 1893.
Alpha-Gamma.—West Virginia University, Morgantown, 1897.
Alpha-Delta.—University of Maine, Orono, 1898.
Alpha-Epsilon.—Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, 1898.
Alpha-Zeta.—University of Maryland, Baltimore, 1899.

Alumni Chapters.

Chicago Alumni Association.—Chicago, Ill.
New York Alumni Association.—New York, N. Y.
Richmond Alumni Association.—Richmond, Va.

Kappa Alpha.

Roll of Active Chapters.

Alpha.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Delta.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Epsilon.—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland Va.
Eta.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Theta.—Kentuckey State College, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa.—Mercer University, Macon. Ga.
Lambda.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Nu.—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.
Xi.—Southwestern University, Georgetown Texas.
Omicron.—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Pi.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Sigma.—Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.
Upsilon.—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phi.—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Chi.—Vanberbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Psi.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Omega.—Center College, Danville, Ky.
Alpha-Alpha.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha-Beta.—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Alpha-Gamma.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha-Delta:—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Alpha-Epsilon.—S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Alpha-Zeta.—William & Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Alpha-Eta.—Westminister College, Fulton, Mo.
Alpha-Theta.—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha-Iota.—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Alpha-Kappa.—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha-Lambda.—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha-Mu.—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha-Nu.—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Xi.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Alpha-Omicron.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha-Pi.—Leland Stanford Jr. University, Stanford University P. O., Cal.
Alpha-Rho.—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha-Sigma.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha-Tau.—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha-Upsilon.—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.

Kappa Alpha.

Founded at Washington and Lee, December 12, 1865.

Colors

Old Gold and Crimson.

Flowers.

Red Rose and Magnolia.

Alpha Rho Chapter.

Established March 10, 1897.

Fratres in Facultate.

ROBERT A. ARMSTRONG, - - - - - Professor of English.
THOMAS E. HODGES, - - - - - - Professor of Physics.

Frater in Urbe.

Thomas Ray Dille, A.B., '98.

Fratres in Universitate.

Bernard C. Bondurant,
Percy N. McDonald,
Clarence Poe,
Charles T. Brooke,
Edgar U. Richards,
Herbert W. Dent,
Albert G. Halleck.
William A. McGlumphy,
William J. Snee,
James R. Moreland,
Hardin L. Duvall,
Richard W. Trapnell,
Kenneth C. Gardiner,
Roscoe Brown.

Dent McDonald. Moreland. Richards. Halleck. Duvall Trapnell,

McGlumphy. Snee. Bondurant. Poe. Dille.
Gardiner. Brooke. Brown.

Mu Pi Lambda.

Founded 1895.

Roll of Active Chapters.

Virginia Alpha.—Washington and Lee University.

Virginia Beta.—University of Virginia.

Mass. Alpha.—Harvard University.

West Virginia Alpha.—West Virginia University.

West Virginia Alpha Chapter.

Established Jan. 8, 1898.

Clarence Symms,
Seaton Garland Butler,
Sameul Marmiduke Dent,
Albert Jackson Collett,
Clark Langley,
George Carrol Rhoades,
Muss Burgess,
Douglass L. B. McBride,
Frank Weaver.

Rhoades.

Butler. Collett. Dent. Burgess. McBride.

Theta Nu Epsilon

Mu Delta Chapter.

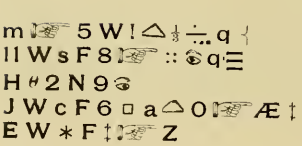
999626
0

Fratres in Urbe.

Justin M. Kunkle.

Fratres in Universitate.

Edwards Stuart Stalnaker,
Gibson Lamb Caldwell,
Guy A. Willey,
Seaton Garland Butler,
Marston Boughner,
Albert Ford Dickey,
Chauncey DeWitt Willey,
Gilbert Benton Miller,
Frank Miller Lardin.



Kappa Delta.

IN event of unusual interest in local fraternity circles during the past year has been the establishment of a local Chapter for girls. Four years ago the matter of securing a Chapter of some well established girl's fraternity was agitated in a desultory manner. But from lack of support, improper methods, or some other not well known reasons, the object sought for failed to materialize. About this time, also, the Woman's League was brought forth, and it was urged by some that this in its comprehensive sweep would, while being a panacea for many other social disorders among the young women, meet all requirements for a girl's fraternity. Thus, the movement was retarded for awhile, but the hope of sometime having a fraternity was not despaired of by all the girls.

Last year when the Woman's League had hibernated, the matter was again taken up and seemed nearly materializing. At this juncture the faculty took unfavorable action with regard to recommending the establishment of a girl's fraternity, and the matter was again dropped. A few choice spirits in the movement, however, kept up their enthusiasm through all these discouraging circumstances, and this year the matter was approached in a manner different from previous attempts. The attempt to secure a Chapter of some general fraternity was temporarily abandoned. It was decided instead to institute a local organization, leading up to the organizing of a Chapter of some general fraternity for women.

Pursuant to this plan the local organization was effected on Monday, November 20, 1899, and was christened Kappa Delta.

The charter members were Misses Grace Lunsford Brahm, Bertha Cleland Browning, Blanche Corbin, Alberta Claire McVicker, Elizabeth Mattingly Stalnaker, Frances Belle Waugh and Willa Hart Butcher. The first initiates were the Misses Grant. The other initiates during the year Misses Flora Hayes, Catherine C. Robb, Jane Stewart, Mrs. Evelyn Pratt Hite, '98, and Miss Carrie Louise Dent, '99, the last two being candidates for their Master's degree this year.

After Christmas a Chapter house was rented, where all the out of town girls live, and where also the weekly meetings are held. This has added much to the college life of the members. The many delightful times enjoyed, and the firm friendships formed, have dispersed clearly the cynic's scoff that there can be no friendship among women.

Kappa Delta.

Established 1899.

Colors.

Crimson and Blue.

Sorores in Universitate.

POST GRADUATE.

Evelyn Pratt Hite, A.B., '98.
Carrie Louise Dent, A.B., '99.

1900.

Grace Lunsford Brahm,
Bertha Cleland Browning.
Willa Hart Butcher,
Alberta Claire McVicker.

1901.

Flora Ray Hayes.

1902.

Elizabeth Mattingly Stalnaker,
Frances Belle Waugh.

1903.

Blanche Corbin,
Edith Mary Grant.
Hannah Elizabeth Grant.
Catherine Robb.

1904.

Jane Stewart.

Stalnaker Corbin Waugh Brahm McVicker

Browning Hite Bessie Grant Edith Grant Dent Butcher Hayes

Phi Pi Alpha.

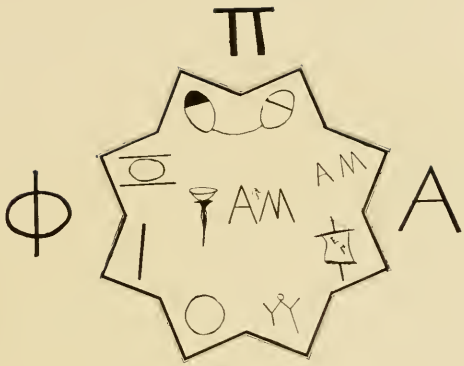
Colors.

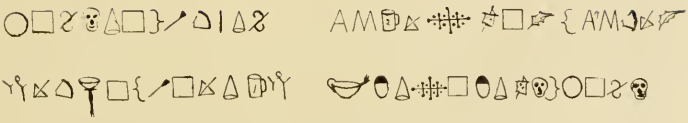
Purple and Lavender.

ON Thanksgiving evening in the Fall of 1899, eight congenial "co-eds" of the West Virginia University drew up the rites of the Phi Pi Alpha Local Fraternity. Some time had been devoted to its organization and establishment but all was kept secret until the work was completed and the little band could wave their colors and repeat their solemn oaths. Little can be told about this Chapter, as only the initiated know of its inner progress. But it has been a success as far as its object and ideals are concerned. We can only say that its rites and oaths necessitate the Phi Pi Alphas being few and select.

The number of sisters has increased from eight to twelve and the new sisters wear purple and lavender with the true Phi Pi Alpha spirit. The Fraternity is composed of good students among which are both Music and Art girls.

The ties that bind this little band together are such that sink deep into the womanly spirit of each, and the harmony which prevails serves to strengthen and enoble them.





Chapter Roll.

Lucie S. Brown.
Bessie Davis.
Grace E. Dering.
Marie E. Harvey.
Jeanette C. Hayes.
Beulah B. Hubbard.
Mary G. Mortley.
Julia McGrew.
Elizabeth W. Whitehill.
Virginia F. Wilson.
M. Augusta Wilson.
Florence A. Wood.

Yell.

Boom-a-lacha!
Boom-a-lacha!!
Bizz, boom, baa,
Phi Pi Alpha
Well I guess we are.

Delta Tau Delta.

Gamma Delta Chapter.

The Delta Tau Delta Fraternity was founded in 1859 at Bethany College. It soon established chapters in Jefferson College, West Liberty College, and Morgantown Academy.

Scarcely had the work been accomplished, when the opening of the civil war caused all these Colleges, except Jefferson, to close their doors, the students for the most part, entering the armies that struggled for the posession of the country.

On May 24, 1900, Delta Tau Delta was re-instated in the University of West Virginia, the chapter receiving the name of Gamma Delta. Gamma Delta is the thirty-ninth chapter of Delta Tau Delta.

Fratres in Urbe.

GEORGE C. STURGIS, (Delta Prima), - President Board of Regents.
JUDGE JOSEPH MORELAND, (Gamma).

Frater in Facultate.

SIMEON CONANT SMITH, (Beta Mu), Assistant in Rhetoric and Elocution.

Fratres in Universitate.

1900.

Ira Benton Bush,
William Scott John,
Alexander Gallatin McChesney,
Charles Benton Hickman,
Walter Forse Holland.

1901.

Price W. Cooper,
Alexander McVeigh Miller, Jr.,
Raymond Dodson,
Ross Chalfant Shriver,
Harold Frantz Rogers,
Howard Melchior Meyers.

1902.

Bruce Bailey,
Ramer Oscar Kendall.

1903.

Able Parker Upshur Higginbothan.
Charles Wilbur Stump.

ORGANIZATIONS.

Columbian Literary Society.

Motto.

Vita Sine Litteris Mors Est.

Officers for '99—'00.

FALL TERM.	WINTER TERM.	SPRING TERM.
	President.	
C. P. SWINT,	H. M. GORE,	FRANK WEAVER.
	Vice President.	
CLYDE HEROD,	S. O. CORRELL,	HAYES KEENER.
	Recording Secretary,	
V. T. TUSTIN,	MISS JESSIE MORGAN,	MISS MINNIE CORE.
	Critic.	
S. H. BOWMAN,	M. C. LOUGH,	V. T. TUSTIN.
	Treasurer.	
E. U. RICHARDS,	T. D. STEWART,	BRUDDY CRAIG.
	Censor.	
R. M. BROWN,	MISS ADDIE IRELAND,	MISS ISA NEEL.
	Corresponding Secretary	
MISS MINNIE CORE,	MISS MAY DEUSENBERRY,	MISS FRANCES MILLER.
	Marshal.	
W. W. HUGHES,	C. P. SWINT,	E. POWNELL.
	Chorister.	
MISS FRANCES MILLER,	MISS GILLIAN JAMISON,	MISS MAUD SANDERS.

Contestants.

Inter-Society Contest.

Declamer,	MISS GILLIAN JAMISON,
Essayist,	GILBERT B. MILLER,
Orator,	EMORY I. IRELAND,
Debaters,	TUSCA MORRIS, H. H. ROSE.

Preliminary Oratorical Contest.

WILLIAM S. JOHN, *VALENTINE T. TUSTIN, W. WELLINGTON HUGHES.

*Winner of first place in Preliminary Contest and of the Gold Medal in the Inter-Collegiate Contest at Bethany College.

COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

Columbian Roll.

Van A. Barrackman,
Miss Willa Butcher,
F. G. H. Baumgardner.
Charles Bland,
J. Tipping Beall,
W. L. Burns,
S. H. Bowman,
S. G. Butler,
Miss Minnie Core,
S. O. Correll,
Miss Mary Compton,
Bruddy Craig,
Albert Cohen,
Miss Madge Davis,
James T. Daily,
Miss Mary Deusenberry,
W. G. Dorman,
H. J. Frank,
F. F. Flenniken,
Philip Freshwater,
H. M. Gore,
W. W. Hughes,
S. M. Hoff.
Clyde Herod,
Miss Ada Halstead,
Thos. Haymond,
Miss Ada Haymond.
W. L. Hammond.
Coleman Hodges,
Miss Addie Ireland,
E. I. Ireland,
Miss Gillian Jamison,
W. S. John,
T. M. Jones,
Hayes H. Keener,
J. E Larew,
W. L. Lowe,
M. C. Lough,
W. G. Marten,
Miss Bessie Martin
G. B. Miller,
Miss Fannie Miller,
Bruce McKinley,
Miss Jessie Morgan,
Tusca Morris,
Elmo McVey,
W. H. Myers.
Haymond Maxwell,
Miss Isa Neel,
Monroe Ownby,
Edgar Pawnell,
Robert Ramsey,
G. C. Rhoades,
E. U. Richards,
F. F. Richards,
T. W. Riggs,
Miss Ina Rightmier,
H. H. Rose,
Miss Maud Sanders,
Phil A. Shaffer,
R. C. Shriver,
T. D. B. Stewart,
Herbert Stone,
C. P. Swint,
Miss Bessie Tapp,
V. T. Tustin,
Miss Pearl Taylor,
W. B. Trippett,
T. C. Townsend,
I. L. Wolf,
H. E. Williams,
Harry Wilson,
Frank Weaver,
F. R. Yoke.

Parthenon Literary Society.

Officers for '99—'00:

FALL.	WINTER.	SPRING.
	President.	
G. N. Smith.	J. A. Meredith,	I. B. Bush.
	Vice President.	
W. J. Snee,	E. D. Barnitz,	H. G. Steele.
	Recording Secretary.	
Miss S. W. Johnson,	Miss Leila Bitner,	Miss Proeger.
	Censor.	
D. M. Easley,	C. E. Derbyshire,	F. L. Bowman.
	Critic.	
F. L. Bowman.	S. W. Johnson,	Thomas Horner,
	Librarian.	
F. P. Corbin,	C. D. Willey,	G. R. C. Wiles.
	Chorister.	
L. A. Yeager.	Tom Horner.	C. E. Derbyshire.
	Marshal.	
Miss Ella Utt,	E. L, Long,	J. A. Meredith.

Contestants.

Inter-Society Contest.

Declamer, - - - - - - - - - - - D. L. Morrison,
Essayist, - - - - - - - - - - - - Ira B. Bush.
Orator, - - - - - - - - - - Charles B. Hickman.
Debaters, - - - - - - - - - A. P. U. Higginbotham, J. D. Vannoy.

Preliminary Oratorical Contest.

D. E. Cuppet, F. P. Corbin.

Parthenon Roll.

J. H. Auvil,
F. L. Bowman,
I. B. Bush,
E. D. Barnitz,
T. N. Burchinel,
M. C. Brackman,
Roscoe Brown,
M. A. Byrnside,
Miss L. H. Bitner,
P. A. Cason,
E. L. Cole,
P. W. Cooper,
F. P. Corbin,
G. P. Crockett,
D. E. Cuppet,
Miss Leana Provence,
C. E. Derbyshire,
Herbert Davis,
Miss Dana Douthat,
D. M. Easley,
J. W. Eary,
Austin File,
J. R. Fortney,
Hugo Frankenberger,
Robert E. Guy,
M. G. Gatewood,
J. J. Hendrick,
C. B. Hickman,
A. P. U. Higginbotham,
C. F. Holden,
T. R. Horner,
E. C. Ice,
Miss Nannie Provence,
Miss Daisy John,
Miss S. W. Johnson,
Miss Hannah L. Jones,
C. R. King,
Miss Maude Laugh,
E. J. Lantz,
Miss Leech,
D. B. Leonard,
Tom Lang,
E. L. Long,
Miss Myrtle Laugh,
A. G. McChesney,
F. H. McGregor,
J. A. Meredith,
A. M. Miller,
S. P. Miller,
Miss Miller,
Miss Morgan,
J. R. Moreland,
D. L. Morrison,
D. W. Ohern,
Miss Ethel Provence,
Miss Nettie Phillips,
Miss Minnie Proeger,
Clarence Poe,
C. C. Rose,
A. W. Smith,
W. W. Smith,
W. J. Snee,
E. W. Spurlock,
H. G. Steele,
Miss Ella Utt,
Miss Lida Van Gilder,
J. D. Vannoy,
Miss Wells,
Miss Willis,
Miss L. Whitescarver,
G. R. C. Wiles,
Chauncey Willey,
G. R. Whitham,
C. A. Wolf,
J. M. Wolverton,
W. L. Woodell,
L. A. Yeager,
R. C. Yoho.

PARTHENON SOCIETY.

Y. M. C. A.

Officers.

	1899-1900.	1900-1901.
President,	S. M. Hoff.	E. I. Ireland.
Vice President,	W. H. Bayes.	W. W. Smith.
Recording Secretary,	E. C. Tabler.	F. L. Bowman.
Corresponding Secretary,	J. R. Moreland.	J. R. Moreland.
Treasurer,	R. C. Shriver.	E. U. Richards.

Committees.

Religious Meetings:—C. B. Hickman, H. F. Rogers, S. G. Moore..
Finance:—E. U. Richards, S. M. Hoff, Daniel Dawson.
Membership:—G. R. Whitham, H. H. Pinkney, F. R. Burk.
Bible Study:—W. W. Smith, F. L. Bowman, W. H. Bayles.
Missions:—J. V. Vannoy, W. H. Bayles, J. V. Cooke.
Social:—R. C. Shriver, B. C. Hodges, W. L. Six.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers.

President,	Miss Eleanor Moreland.
Vice President,	Miss Minnie Core.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Ina Rightmier.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss Bessie Martin.
Treasurer,	Miss Frances Miller.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of the West Virginia University is yet in the dawn of its existence. It was on the evening of the 19th of April, 1900, when a little band of quiet, earnest girls met among the grotesque shadows of casts and easels in the studio, to organize the Y. W. C. A. A single oil lamp furnished the light whereby to see the sweet and womanly face of the speaker. Miss Constance MacCorkle, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in the Virginias, made a short and inspiring talk and outlined the work of the Association. All that were present felt the need of such an organization among the women of the University.

The object of the Association is for the development of the Christian character in its members and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution.

The magnitude of the work undertaken is felt by all the members, and success is hoped to be achieved.

"Not by strength nor by power, but by my spirit, sayeth the Lord of Hosts."

The Golf Club.

President.

Professor E. B. Copeland.

Committee on Grounds.

Miss McMurphy,
Professor M. D. Thompson.

Members.

Miss Daniels,
Miss Clark,
Professor Otto Folin,
Mrs. Folin,
Professor C. H. Patterson,
Mrs. Patterson,
Professor A. J. Hare,
Col. R. E. Fast,
Professor A. E. Thayer,
Mrs. Thayer,
Miss Sarah Johnson,
Clyde Randolph.
Miss Virginia Wilson,
Miss Gussie Wilson,
Miss Edith Grant,
Miss Bessie Grant,
Miss Rose Howe,
Miss Skinner,
Mrs. Barbe,
Sam Chadwick,
Guy Willey,
Professor McKenzie,
Henry Lively,
George Wood,
Haymond Maxwell.

The Fortnightly Club.

Officers.

JEROME H. RAYMOND, President.
MRS. OKEY JOHNSON, Vice President.
MISS MARTHA BROCK, Secretary.
MRS. D. C. HOFFMAN, Treasurer.

Committee on Membership.

MRS. L. S. BROCK,
A. R. WHITEHILL,
MRS. I. G. LAZZELLE.

Committee on Program.

JEROME H. RAYMOND,
THOS. E. WINECOFF,
L. C. CORBETT.

Committee on Meeting Places.

THOS. E. HODGES,
MISS SADIE R. COYLE,
MRS. L. V. KECK.

Alpha Tau Phi.

Founded at the Episcopal Hall, Feb., 1900.

Active Members.

W. H. Myers,
R. W. Trapnell,
P. N. McDonald.
H. C. Alexander,
D. K. Kunst,
T. Embleton,
Alex. McV. Miller,
T. G. Hill,
J. C. McMurphy.

Alumni.

Carel Robinson.
W. G. Marten,
Roscoe Brown,
D. P. Sigourney,
L. S. Hall.

Men's Glee Club.

1st Tenor.

Francis Clyde Herod, Emmerson Carney,
James Daily, Douglas L. B. McBride.

2nd Tenor.

C. A. Ellenberger, Leader, Frederick Flenniken.

1st Bass.

Fred Ross Burke, Emmert L. Cole,
Edward Sample, Daniel B. Leonard.

2nd Bass.

Walter A. Swallow, Daniel W. Ohern,
Thomas Getz Hill.

Woman's Glee Club.

1st Soprano.

Miss Mary Gregg, Mrs. C. A. Ellenberger.

2nd Soprano.

Mrs. F. M. Dawson. Miss Anna Johnson.

1st Alto.

Miss Frances Miller, Miss Mary G. Mortley.

2nd Alto.

Miss Gertrude Hayes, Miss Gillian Jamison.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Mandolins.

Francis C. Herod,
Thomas Getz Hill,
Frederick F. Flenniken,
Douglas L. B. McBride,
Charles W. Stump,

Clay Gibson,
Miss Martha Crumrine,
Miss Fanny M. Leech,
Miss Gillian Jamison,
Miss Nellie Donley.

Guitars.

Daniel W. Miller,
Mary A. Wotring,

George Rhoades,
Frederick R. Burke,

Herbert C. Peck.

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUBS

Corps of Cadets.

Officers.

Colonel R. E. Fast, Commandant.
Cadet 1st Lieutenant L. R. Charter, Jr., Adjutant.
Cadet 1st Lieutenant W. L. Lowe, Quarter Master.
Cadet 2nd Lieutenant Hugo Frankenberger, Signal Officer.

Field Officers.

Company A.

Cadet Captain C. W. Waddell, Commanding Company.
Cadet 1st Lieutenant J. R. Moreland.
Cadet 2nd Lieutenant H. S Lively.

Company B.

Cadet Captain H. M. Gore, Commanding Company.
Cadet 1st Lieutenant B. R. Roller.
Cadet 2nd Lieutenant H. G. Steele.

Company C.

Cadet Captain B. F. Scott, Commanding Company.
Cadet 1st Lieutenant W. L. Robe.
Cadet 2nd Lieutenant E. H. Smith.

CADET OFFICERS

Students

Who Served in the War With Spain.

W. L. Cochran, Second Lieutenant, Second West Virginia. Mustered in June 21, at Charleston, W. Va.; mustered out at Greenville, S. C., April 10, 1899; enlisted as sergeant; commisssioned January 1, 1899.

Kemble White, Captain, Company M, Second West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va.. as second lieutenant, July 15, 1898; mustered out at Camp Wetherill, S. C., April 10, 1899; stationed at Camps Atkinson, Meade and Wetherill; detailed at various times as batallion and brigade quartermaster, and aide-de-camp.

B. F. Scott, Second Lieutenant, First West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va., May 10, 1898, as private; mustered out February 4, 1899, at Columbus, Ga.; stationed at Camps Lee, Thomas and Knoxville, Tenn., and Columbus, Ga.; commissioned second lieutenant December 15, 1899.

M. S. Hodges, Private, Company K, Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Mustered in May 16, 1898, at Columbus, Ohio; mustered out January 15, 1899, at Columbus, Ohio. Served in army of invasion and occupation of Porto Rico; took part in the battle of Guayama, August 5, and skirmish of Las Palmas, August 8, 1898; stationed at Columbus, Ohio, Camp Thomas, Newport News, Guayama and San Juan, Porto Rico.

R. C. Yoho, First Sergeant, First West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va., May 7, 1898; mustered out at Columbus, Ga., February 4, 1899; stationed at Camps Lee, Thomas and Knoxville, Tenn., and Columbus, Ga.

J. C. M. Forquer, Private, Company I, Fifth Pennsylvania. Mustered in at Somerset, Pa., July 8, 1898; mustered out at Somerset, Pa, November 11, 1898; stationed at Camp Thomas and Lexington, Ky.

H. H. Pinkney, Sergeant, Company A, Second West Virginia. Mustered in June 29, 1898, at Charleston, W. Va., as private; mustered out as sergeant, at Greenville, S. C., April 10, 1899; stationed at Charleston, Camp Meade and Greenville, S. C.

M. M. Neely, Corporal, Company D, First West Virginia. Mustered in as private May 17, 1898, at Charleston, W. Va.; honorably discharged December 19, 1898; stationed at Camp Thomas, Knoxville, Tenn., and Columbus, Ga.

Winans. Hill. Miller. Neely. Hodges. Forquer.

Pinkney. White. Scott. Yoho.

G. C. WINANS. Musician, Company G., First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry. Mustered in at Washington, D. C., May 12, 1898; mustered out November 20, 1898, at Washington, D. C.; was at the siege, bombardment and surrender of Santiago. Stationed at Camps Alger, Thomas, Tampa and Montauk Point.

BERT MCCAFFERY. Company D., First West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va., May 13, 1898; transferred to Reserve Ambulance Corps, June 15; served in the Porto Rican campaign as acting steward; honorably discharged November 7, at San Juan, Porto Rico; stationed at Charleston, Camp Thomas, Newport, Guayama and San Juan, Porto Rico.

DWIGHT MILLER, Principal Musician, Non Commission Staff. Second West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va., July 4, 1898; honorably discharged January 5, 1899, at Greenville, S. C.; stationed at Charleston, W. Va., Camp Meade and Greenville, S. C.

T. GETZ HILL, Musician, Non Commission Staff, First West Virginia. Mustered in at Camp Thomas, June 16, 1898; mustered out at Columbus, Ga., February 4, 1899. Stationed at Camp Thomas, Knoxville, Tenn., and Columbus, Ga.

J. M. R. FORTNEY, Private, Company H., Second West Virginia. Mustered in at Charleston, W. Va., July 4, 1898; mustered out at Greenville, S. C., April 10, 1899; stationed at Charleston, W. Va., Camps Meade and Wetherill.

JESSE R. SCOTT. Private, Company K, Tenth Pennsylvania. Mustered in May 11, 1898; in camp at Mt. Gretna, Pa., and Camp Merritt, Cal.; sailed from San Francisco, June 14, on Transport "Zealandia;" arrived at Manila. Camp Dewey, July 21; was at Battle of July 31, surrender of Manila, August 13, and in midst of Philippine insurrection from February 4 to July 1, 1899; mustered out of service at San Francisco, August 22, 1899.

Athletic Association.

Officers.

President,	L. A. Yeager.
Vice President,	A. B McCrum
Treasurer,	R. H. Boyd.
Secretary,	E. L. Cole.

Executive Committee.

S. G. Butler, Roscoe Eakin. Earl H. Smith.

Members.

G. M. Beltzhoover,
R. H. Boyd,
A. G. Brown,
R. C. Brown,
S. G. Butler,
A. C. Chapman,
G. C. Corbett,
E. L. Cole,
E. B. Copeland,
H. R. Crossland,
Duke Dent,
L. C. Deming,
J. H. Donahey,
J. R. Eakin,
J. A. Garrison,
H. A. Garrison,
Thos. E. Hodges,
M. S. Hodges,
H. H. Keener.
T. H. Ling.
S. C. Lowe.
F. M. Lurdin.
C. A. McWhorter.
D. E. Miller.
A. B. McCrum.
F. H. McGregor.
J. W. McDonald,
C. G. O'Brien,
M. C. Peck,
C. Poe.
B. F. Patton,
J. G. Ross.
E. S. Stalnaker,
E. H. Smith.
J. S. Taylor.
G. T. Watson,
G. R. Whitham,
W. H. Whitham,

L. A. Yeager.

The Wine Bibbers.

Secret.

Founded 5199 B. C. Re-established by Noah.

Colors.

Bottle Green and Carmen.

Motto.

"Fill 'em up again."

Loafing Place.

At the Bar.

Officers and Active Members.

Sub Rosa.

Honorary Members.

The Faculty.

OUR STRONGHOLDS

We can live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

— Owen Meredith —

Fort Hervey
Fort Deusenbery
Fort Nuzum

Fort Gregg
Fort Davis
Fort Vangilder

1903

MENU

OYSTERS

New York Toughs — Selects on tick

Interrogation Points

SOUP

Aetch tu Owe — Vegatable à la Dream

Consommé Skin en Bone

FISH

Herring on half scales — Baked Scone Rollers Bordelaize

Salmon — Salmon — Salmon — Salmon — Salmon

MEATS

Cow Catchers — Leuigert — Beefteasers

Antique Chicken with Polonaise Sauce

Disguised dog à la Bologné — Lamp Nuts — Bacon Cutlets

VEGETABLES

Mashed Potatoes — Baked Potatoes — Boiled Potatoes — Sizzled Potatoes — Potatoes

Potatoes à la Infernal et à la Eternal

Potatoes à la Skin

Beans — Beans — Beans — Beans

ENTRES and RELISHES

Hash Incognito — Wilted Pickles

Onion Sets — Prune Seeds

DESERTS

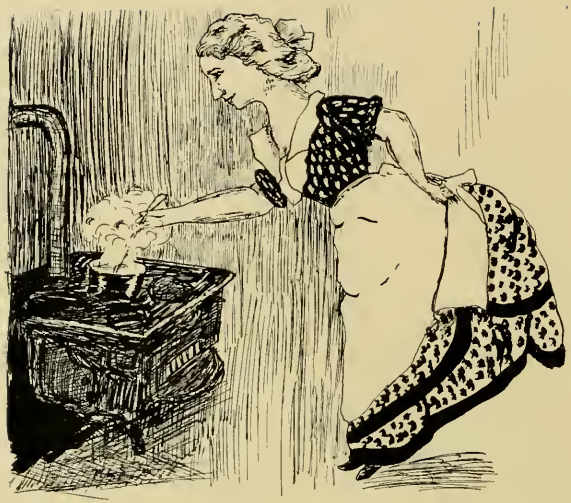
Haw Pudding — Innominata

Gen Seng — Locuto Pudding — Paw Paws

A la Romaine

Persimmon Pie

Poke Berry Pudding



W. V. U. Society for the Promotion of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Grand Arch Promulgator. - - - - - DOCTOR CLARK.
Chief Coadjutor, - - - - MISS NELLIE B. MORELAND.
Right Honorable Illustrators and Expositors - - - - - - - "Bones" Stalnaker, "Limps" Crossland, "Skinny" Collet.
Mixer of Potions, - - - - - - "BOSS" GARRISON.
Taster and Tester thereof, - - - - "BOSS" GARRISON.
Fittest Survivor, - - "BIG DUB" LARDIN, surnamed "Tip."

Candidates for the Degree *B. K. M.

Sarah Johnson,
Willa Butcher,
Nellie B. White,
Emma Conley,
Bertha Browning,
Leila Bitner,
Mrs. A. E. Thayer,
"Tip" Lardin.

Consulting Physicians.

A. E. THAYER, M. D. DOCTOR "BUCK" SCOTT,
JOHN OTHO DOWNEY.

*Bachelor of Kitchen Mechanics.

ATHLETICS
H.L.Flournoy-1880

'Varsity Base Ball Team '99.

Manager, - - - - - - - - - J. B. SWEENY.
Assistant Manager, - - - - - - - - E. S. STALNAKER.
Coach, - - - - - - - - - O. R. ALTMAN.
Captain, - - - - - - - - - LEE LLEWELLYN.

B. F. Printz, - - - - - - - - - Pitcher.
W. B. Bowman, - - - - - - - - - "
D. M. Dent, - - - - - - - - - "

Ed. Shelby, - - - - - - - - - - Catcher.
M. C. Peck, - - - - - - - - - - - "
Geo. Krebs, - - - - - - - - - - - "

G. E. Anderson, - - - - - - - First Base.
Harry Cooper, - - - - - - - Second Base.
Howard Crossland. - - - - - - - "

C. N. McWhorter, - - - - - - - Third Base.
D. E Miller, - - - - - - - Short Stop.
Thomas Pastorious, - - - - - - - "

L. C. Deming, - - - - - - Left Field.
Lee Llewellyn, - - - - - - Middle Field.
A. F. Dickey, - - - - - - Right Field.

'VARSITY TEAM '99.

Record of Base Ball Team, '99.

April	15	W. V. U.	10;	W. U. P.	5.
	17	"	12;	"	2.
	29	"	8;	U. S. N. C.	7.
	31.	"	6;	U. of Md.	19.
May	1.	"	9,	Lawrenceville Academy	5,
	2	"	2;	Princeton,	9.
	3.	"	5;	U. of V.	8.
	12.	"	14;	Pittsburg College	13.
	13.	"	2;	W. & J.	9.
	19.	"	8;	D. C. & A. C.	9.
	20.	"	5;	Oberlin	9.
	22.	"	16;	Heidleberg	2.
	23.	"	16;	Heidleberg	1.
	24.	"	1;	O. W. U.	12.
	25.	"	16;	Dennison	6.
	30.	"	16;	W. & J.	5.
	30.	"	0;	W. & J.	4.
June	3.	"	16;	O. W. U.	6.
	3.	"	16;	O. W. U.	9.
	15.	"	12;	Waynesburg	9.
	20.	"	12;	Waynesburg	7.
	21.	"	20;	Waynesburg	1.
	23.	"	21;	Scottdale	1.

'Varsity Foot Ball Eleven, '99.

Manager, - - - - - - - - - - HOWARD CROSSLAND.
Captain, - - - - - - - - - - - - A. C. CHAPMAN.

Line Up.

L. A. Yeager, Full Back.
F. M. Lardin, Right Guard. B. F. Patton, Left Guard
C. N. McWhorter, Quarter Back.
William Whitham, Right End. W. T. Dovey, Left End.
C. G. O'Brien, Centre.
M. S. Hodges, Right Tackle, A. C. Chapman, Left Tackle
F. H. McGregor, Right Half Back.
George Watson, Left Half Back.

SUBS.

H. H. Keener, E. B. F. Scott, E.
C D. Willey, Q. B.
Thomas Lang, H. B. Roscoe Brown, C.
George Whitham, E.

'Varsity Base Ball Team '00.

Manager, - - - - - - - - - - - R. G. Brown.

Captain, - - - - - - - - - - - C. N. McWhorter.

W. B. Bowman, - - - - - Pitcher or Short Stop.

C. N. McWhorter, - - - - - - - Third Base.

L. C. Deming, - - - - - - - Left Field.

Duke Dent, - - - - - - Pitcher or Short Stop.

B. G. Printz, - - - - - Pitcher or Middle Field.

A. F. Dickey, - - - - - - - - Right Field.

D. E. Miller, - - - - - - - - First Base.

H. R. Crossland, - - - - - - - Second Base.

M. C. Peck, - - - - - - - - Catcher.

Subs.

L. A. Yeager, - - - - - Pitcher or First Base.

M. S. Hodges, - - - - - - - - - Field.

Roscoe Brown, - - - - - - - - - Field.

Schedule of Games '00.

April 20. At Wheeling:
W. V. U., 1; Wheeling Inter State, 3.

April 28. At Morgantown:
W. V. U., 15; Pittsburg High School, 8.

May 4. At Morgantown:
W. V. U.. 11; California Normal 3.

May 10. At Morgantown:
W. V. U., 11; Wash. & Jeff., 2

May 12. At Morgantown:
W. V. U., 5; Morgantown, 2.

May 16. At New Concord, O.:
W. V. U., 13; Muskingum, 8.

May 17. At Granville, O.:
W. V. U., 9; Denison 4.

May 18. At Columbus, O.:
W. V. U., 5; O. S. U., 2.

May 19. At Delaware, O.:
W. V. U., 14; O. W. U., 11.

May 26. At Morgantown:
W. V. U., 12; H. L. A. C. 6.

May 30. At Morgantown:
W. V. U. vs. Bethany, 2 Games.

June 1. At Morgantown:
W. V. U. vs. O. W. U.

June 2. At Morgantown:
W. V. U. vs. O. W. U.

June 9. At Washington, Pa.:
W. V. U. vs. W. & J..

W. V. U. Tennis Club.

Cyrus M. Christy,

Earle Harry Smith,

Henry S. Lively,

Sydney Schloss,

George Wood,

Hardman Duval,

Benj. F. Conaway,

Scott C. Lowe.

LITERATURE

June Twilight.

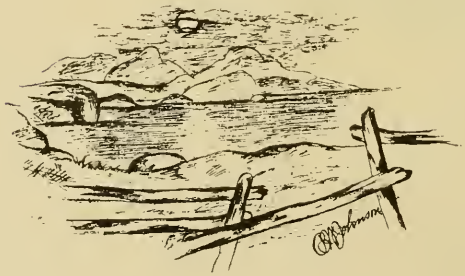
The lily in the grassy dell
Her petals closed an hour ago;
And in the wood each purple bell
With sleep is bending low

Long since the bee that, by the stream,
Has sipped in bloom the livelong day
Went droning down the setting beam,
His golden homeward way.

The robin piped his parting note—
A last "Good Night"—sweet-voiced and long;
Then bent and hid the little throat,
All spent with ceaseless song.

With silent sweep, through sky and plain
Majestic night moves on her way,
Close followed by her starry train;
And June has lost a day.

—*Charles C. Ballard.*



A College Story.

"TO GROW FAT you must not only eat what you like, but, fellows, you must eat what you like with those you like." This laconic sentence spoken with an emphatic blow of the fist on the table upset, incidentally, four glasses of sour milk the college students were trying to drink—and lost ultimately for "Monte," the proprietor of the "Dive," eighteen of his best paying boarders. The average sophomore, who joins a fraternity, calls at least two evenings a week on the "Girl he Likes," and goes about at all times spouting "speeches," is bound finally to make trouble for some one. This time "Monte" suffered. His "saw dust pies" no longer troubled the peaceful slumbers of the Delta Tau Delta boys, and the milk, which tasted as if the "cow had stepped in it," was sweetened in the pure, rich cream with which the table of their "Frat." house was always furnished. Yes, this—shall we say profound?—no, better, laconic speech of Sterling's, together with the expressive rap, set "Monte" to cursing sophomores generally, and eighteen of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity boys to thinking industriously how they could "eat what they liked with only those they liked." And so the "Frat." boarding club had come naturally into being, first, as an idea then, as a reality. The young men enjoyed the "change" immensely, but "Monte" and Harry Sterling didn't speak as they passed by for a whole term, at least.

Generally speaking, it would have gladdened the heart of the outsider to look in upon the boys as they sat about the two long tables of the cozy club dining-room. The pessimist would have seen that happiness reigned supreme in the hearts of at least eighteen fellows whose prospective of life was joyous and unlimited; the dyspeptic, hardly believing what his own eyes saw, would have rejoiced that excellent digestions were not entirely myths in this dyspeptic world; while the sad and heart-sick could not but have been cheered by their happy conversation and infectious laughter. Generally, I say, it would have done one good to see them at table. But to-night! Pandemonium was let loose. To-night surely the unfortunate members of society referred to above should have kept away, especially those suffering from "nerves." Noise? No name for it! The clatter of knives and forks on china; everybody talking at once, in voices pitched

higher than usual; wild cries for "Red Goo" and "Berksie the waiter;"—these sounds and others helped to make a commotion heard only at the end of a college term. And, indeed, we need look no farther for the cause of all this unusual excitement. This was the end of the Fall Term; the Christmas recess was at hand and this—this was "the last supper" as one of the boys profanely put it.

Hurrah! Examinations were over,—a few soiled cuffs, covered with strange hieroglyphics, could testify to the melancholy fact. "Flunks" were even forgotten. They were going away tomorrow to vacation, to home and to parents. What matter, then, if "Berksie," in his quickness to serve, poured a plate of hot soup down the back of some unlucky fellow? The victim of this carelessness laughed it away with the others as an excellent joke. Complain because the pie crust was under done? Well, I should say not! The pies "like their mother used to make" were nearly within their reach—twenty-four hours distance off at the farthest. The boys complained of nothing to-night. Yes, they were going home, and, oh, reader if you can recall the joys of your own early home-going, you will surely exult with our young friends, and allow them for once to be absurdly happy.

At length, the noisy meal was over and all save two had "cleared out," as the table girl had said. It was customary for the boys to "hang around" the "Frat" parlor for an hour or more after supper, and this hour so spent was not, as some unfeeling soul might have thought, to put off studies as long as possible. Not at all! It fostered a feeling of fraternal jolity as any one with half an eye could see. Tonight, however, the nervous pianist was excused from "pounding the box." Every one had too much business on hand to be social. One group hastened to their rooms on the Hill, there to pack up and get some rest for an early morning start; another party decided, after long and heated discussion in the hall, to see the "Lady who refused to be Photographed in Tights." "Twenty-five cent seat, fellows?" said an excited Freshman. "Yes, the Spit-Box," answered some one. "Ask Harry Sterling to go." But when the Sophomore was not only asked but teased, he replied, "No, fellows, I am through with the Spit-Box and the region of the gods. When I go to the theatre, I refuse to sit in a seat where field-glasses and ear-trumpets are positive necessities." "Oh, go to grass," said the delegation. And the Delta Tau Delta "Frat." house was left to silence and the two young college gentlemen who still lingered about the table.

"Well," said Bill Hizelton, at length, between the puffs of a cigarette, "I suppose by tomorrow night at this time, Sterling, that you will be away 'daown' in Skeewaten, Maine?" This was said with pretty faithful imitation at dialect. The speaker laughed at his own humor, and Harry blushed. "No, sir re, boy! Not on your life! I'm going to stay right in this house all the vacation. I wrote to the "Gov." today and told him he needn't expect me."

"Why, that's rather tough, isn't it, old man?" said the first speaker again. "You'll get lonesome here, won't you, without the boys? What's up, cash low? Come home with me; that'll be all right, Harry."

"No," said the Sophomore, "you're kind, old boy, but I really can't leave the Hill. Billy Ship has asked for that thesis on January 1st; and then I have some social engagements to keep in Sumerville, you know." Both men smiled, but Harry's face became serious first. "To tell the truth, Bill," he continued, as if confessing something he had all this time kept back, "I have got to the point where "home" doesn't mean to me what it used to. I never thought it would be so," he said almost sadly, "but I really believe that I am outgrowing "home." Certain it is, that I have reached that place where Skeewaten, Maine, and even my parents are not my life."

"Two objects cannot occupy the same position in space at the same time," jocosely returned Bill, "you think less of Somerville and "The Girl you Like," and presently you will come to think of Skeewaten and your parents more." The terse and laconic form of this sentence naturally pleased the Sophomore, but the subject was evidently too serious a one for joking purposes, so he proceeded as if he had not been interrupted. "I tell you, Hizelton, that college ruins a man." And Bill rattled a few coins in his pocket to prove the point. "Not in a money way. Devil, no! It's like this, Bill: A fellow, some fine September day, leaves his native place, Skeewaten, for instance, for college. The little station is crowded with all his friends—the whole town is there, for he knows everybody, and amid smiles and tears, he begins his journey to the classic halls. Mind you, now, he is perfectly satisfied with the little town,—Skeewaten again, if you please—and the little girl he has learned to love is the dearest thing in all the world to him. Although he puts on a good deal of a manner that he doesn't care as the smiling or tearful faces bid him a last good-bye; yet he does care, and he is half inclined to give up the idea of an education, even after he has begun his journey on the train." Harry stopped as if he had confessed too much, or was talking to unsympathetic ears.

"Go on," said Bill, "I'm interested."

"Well, the boy comes to college; he associates with educated and cultured men; he becomes acquainted with Boston and city ways; the job's up then, Bill, don't you see? That home, those parents, that little girl, once loved, will never be the same to him again. The college has killed 'em for him eternally. Bosh! the average thoughtful student doesn't look upon life through rose-colored glasses, but rather through a telescope, the wrong end too which makes everything out in the world appear mighty small. A college education, I tell you, is impractical. The college world, the little college world, sets itself up aginst the great big outside practical world, that's the trouble, Bill. For four years Alma Mater holds sway over his affections, fondles him carefully, leads him tenderly along the path

of learning, points out along the way what he ought to like—in literature, in painting, in music,—then? Well, then comes Commencement Day, and Alma Mater thrusts him out into this big practical world—this world she herself has taught him to hate—with tastes she knows too well he can never gratify. And so the man just drifts—if Tommie Whit will allow me to change the figure," and he playfully touches his lips, evidently in imitation,—"rather dangles between heaven and hell. Heaven's door has been shut on him by "Prexy," and the imps of blackness, seeing his fright as the president grinds out the graduates, laugh loud and gleefully as he falls from the heavenly heights of college to the lowest depts of a practical world." And Harry Sterling remembering how one short sentence of his had lost "Monte" hundreds of dollars and secured the cozy dining-room for his beloved fraternity, was sure that this last orotund sentence, full of conviction, was having its effect upon his companion.

Bill lighted a fresh cigarette. There was a strange expression on his face, as if he said, "He talks like all Sophomores. He will learn finally."

"Well, Mr. Orator," he said, knocking the ashes from his cigarette, "what do you propose to do about it?"

"Stay in heaven just as long as I can, sir," returned Harry, quickly. "I shall not go home this vacation."

"Don't you know you're a fool, Harry?"

"That's all right," continued the Sophomore, "but I had such a slow time last Christmas vacation in Skeewaten that I swore then and there you wouldn't catch me in that box again. Honest truth, Bill, I never felt so uncomfortable and so out of place in my old town-home before. Why, how crooked and how narrow the little streets had grown since I left!"

Bill here asked if they were as crooked and as narrow as Columbus Avenue seemed to them after the Freshmen banquet, but Harry didn't smile at all.

"Everything had changed: the streets, and the houses, and, perhaps, more than all, the people. Why, some of those that had before been my best friends were inclined not to speak to me. Fact! A few eyed me suspiciously; the fellows seemed to feel that they must grudgingly accept my superiority, while the women and girls received me much as though they had never seen me before in their lives and were pressingly in need of an introduction. It made me feel mighty uncomfortable. The little girl I once loved went so far as to use the term 'stuck up.'"

"Which wasn't at all true," said Bill.

"Certainly not, Hizelton; *I* had not changed. And then mother gave a little party in my honor," continued Harry. "Worse and worse and more of it. How "sticky" those parties, I had once so enjoyed, appeared! I found that I couldn't talk with the people nor they with me. That's right."

"Did you try?" said the latter.

"Certainly, but there was nothing in common, Bill. Could I discuss the crops, and jumping colts and calves? There was just a wall between us, that's all. I tried to jump over it, but my insincerity showed, and they, propped up on a word they seldom used, because they thought they must talk "grammatical" to the 'college chap' made perfectly funny leaps into the air, but they didn't get over the wall—no, sir; that barrier was between us all the evening."

Sterling ceased talking and Bill threw his cigarette stub, with something of a disgusted toss, out of the dining-room window. "Let me see" Bill remarked, when he had taken his seat, "you are a Sophomore. Well, now, you take the advice of a Senior: you go to your room, pack up your dress suit case and go home. Do you understand?—go home, or you will be sorry for it some day. Don't you know that those same men that talk about crops and calves are the best people on this earth, and the only real friends you've got? Don't you know that if you wanted a dollar, these same honest people would be the only ones to lend it to you? Don't you know that if you were sick, they alone would tend you, and, if you died, they alone would shed a tear? What do you think the people of College Hill, the professors, care for you?" Then his manner changed, and, rising from his chair, he put his hand on Harry's shoulder. "No, sir; as my room-mate, as my "wife," I simply won't let you stay here. You've got to go home."

"Why, man, I can't that's all. Billy Ship will come down on me like a thousand bricks for that thesis, and then the case in Somerville makes it final, you know." And the two men fought their way through the smoke and arm in arm went up stairs to their room.

Harry Sterling had never been so tired and out of sorts as he was on the next evening when he slumped into a seat of the Park Square car for College Hill. Tired, he was certainly; lonesome, he would not confess even to himself. Reason, too, he had for being tired, because Boston two days before Christmas, when the streets are thronged with thousands of shoppers, when women *will* stand before the gorgeous windows and make one walk around them, away and into the street, are circumstances connected with Christmas week, which certainly tire the best-natured man in the world. And Harry was not in a good humor tonight. Everybody about him all day seemed to be *too* happy! Women chatted merrily, as they enjoyed the gorgeous displays; children blocked the side-walks in front of the toy stores, there to tell the younger ones the sweet story of the Saint who loves good little children. Harry noticed, with a feeling of pain, the effect on the youthful hearers; the little mouths opened invariably and the eyes protruded in wonder.

Everyone was perfectly happy, seemingly. "Foolishly happy," said our Sophomore. Yes, the spirit of Christmas was certainly in the air. It made the whole world loving and generous, and gentle and happy. It

beamed in every eye, and shone in every smile, and echoed in every "beg pardon," and "excuse me;" for although the great city was full of people, it was the best-natured crowd to be found in all the world. "I don't seem to be in it," said the hater of Skeewaten. "There is too much happiness in the air for me, I guess I'll go out to College Hill. It will be still enough out there and I won't hear so many 'Merry Christmas,' I'll warrant you."

And so he had gone to Park Square Station and had slumped into his seat dejectedly. But Happiness was also on the car; it was even more oppressive to Harry here than when he had met it on the crowded street. Now, it was at closer range—"boxed in," as he expressed it, and no escape possible for him. A tired workman, with an enormous turkey which he held as if it had been a baby, and also as carefully sat down beside him. From his pockets protruded a tiny Santa Claus, and a "jumping-jack" in his hand had stuck its grotesque head through its paper wrapper and made the already merry car even merrier, if that were possible. Harry noticed these little things and was bored. The tired workman smiled from time to time, and Harry wondered why he was so happy. The Sophomore tried hard to read the evening paper, but the fact is he saw all the smiles and Christmas greens and holly, and heard all the merry greetings, and the talk of all those who would spend the holidays at home. He was going to the theatre that night, to a Burlesque Show, and with this thought he tried to banish all the "nonsense" of Christmas.

How cheerless the Hill looked when he stepped off the car! East Hall, West Hall, Dean Hall! Not a fellow stirring! Not a light in the dear old dormitory windows. "Gosh! the Hill isn't the most cheerful of spots, in a vacation! How dark! Yes, the janitors have shut every domitory blind. They are dead, those dear old halls; and the impious hands of the 'coon' have closed their eyes. I don't know whether I can stand such stillness. Two weeks is rather a long time. I might stay here a week, and spend the last week at home. Think I'd better do that. My talk last night with Bill was just a bit foolish. Let me see, he called me a darn fool. Darn my room-mate, he's always right. Yes, I'll go home next week."

He had said so much to himself when he reached the "Frat." house. More darkness! More stillness! "Gosh, almighty! I didn't think it would be like this! Why, man, I simply can't stand it! I can't sleep in that lonesome tomb to-night: the silence will keep me awake." But he was going to the show to-night. He could stand the quietness while he changed his clothes. He would, that's all there was about it, yes, and for seven nights more, for he would not, indeed, could not, go home until next week.

Burr-r-r! How he shuddered as he stepped into the hall, and how false the notes sounded as he tried to whistle the merriest song he knew! He thought of his "brothers" all at home now. They were enjoying warmth and society, some kind, at least, and the poorest is better than none, isn't it. And here he was staying in a cold, barren, dark fraternity house. He

was lonesome now; he owned so much. Hang it all! Billy Ship be blowed! I'm going home day after tomorrow. The thesis be damned!"

He stepped from the hall into the diningroom and turned on the electric light. He smiled as the cozy room became illuminated. Ah, I know now how God felt when he said "let there be light." "What, a letter?" he remarked further, looking at his plate. "And from home! Wonder what's going on! Ma's answering my letter pretty promptly." Tremblingly he tore open the envelope, and in the same chair in which he had talked so eloquently against Skeewaten, he read a letter from his mother, which in Harry's condition, nearly broke the boy's heart. And this is how she did it:

MY DEAR BOY:

You will probably never know how sad your last letter made us. Father and I have been looking forward to your home-coming all the term, in fact, ever since you left us last September, for you must remember, dear Harry, that your letters and your visits are now the only bright places in our lives. And you are not coming home—cannot, you say—this Christmas, and after all our planning.

Neither of us has been in very good health this Fall. Your father has failed very much, I think you would say, but he has kept around in the thought that Harry would soon come home. He was very much disappointed when I read the letter. He said sadly that "the thesis, though, had to be done, and Harry would have come home, if he could." The same father, you see, Harry, ready as ever to sacrifice himself for your good. I sometimes think, my dear boy, and a few sentences from your recent letters bare me out in my opinion, that you do not think as much of your home as you once did. We *are* old fashioned, I know, and the pleasures of our little town are not such as you can enjoy on College Hill, but oh, Harry, you have a duty to perform to the "old folks," to your good old father who has done so much for you. I wish nothing for myself but to him, I beg of you, be good. Remember that he worked and sacrificed that you might be more in the world than he had been. Whatever you do, you can never repay him for all that he has done. He wished you to see more of this beautiful world and, indeed, it is a beautiful world, if we live honestly, than either of us had seen. Think of these things, my boy. Every morning and evening close your eyes in prayer and ask the great Creator of all good things to make you more and more thankful for the blessing of such a good father.

Lovingly,
MOTHER.

It is difficult to describe the feeling with which young Sterling read this gently worded epistle. A blush came to his cheeks, and—well, is it any discredit to his manhood to say that tears sprung to his eyes? "Gosh," he said, "I didn't know the old gal could write like that. There, that settles it. I'm going home—I'm going home tomorrow. Do you hear it,

you walls that heard my talk last night? I'm going home to-morrow! I've been miserable all day," he continued in lower voice, "but I'll be happy the rest of the vacation, you bet. I'll be happy because I'm going to make those good folks of mine happy." And a different expression came into his face, and a smile shone in his eyes while yet they were wet with tears. "Yes, home to-morrow." and he arose to go upstairs to his room. "Bill called me a fool," he said, as he was about to shut the door, "he might have added a double barreled one."

And Harry Sterling didn't go to the Burlesque show. No, he stayed in his room and packed, in almost boyish delight, the dress suit case which was to accompany him on tomorrow's journey. Little did he sleep that night, and an hour before the sun was out of bed, Harry Sterling, beaming like another sun, had thrown back the covers and was preparing for the train, which, by the way, did not leave the Hill until nine o'clock. He must get up, he said; he was going to buy his mother a present in town, and he must think what would please her most.

At length the slow moving hands of the clock reached half-past eight. Never was he so happy as he walked down Professor's Row. He would buy his mother a shawl, yes, she liked shawls, and the prettiest one in Boston should be purchased. Had he better send a telegram telling them that he had changed his mind? No. He disliked making them sad for another whole day, but the surprise when he stepped in upon them that evening would more than compensate. The train would arrive at Skeewaten at five that night It would be such fun to frighten and surprise them. "I'll hide behind the rose bush until they come into the front room. Then I'll rap on the door and ask if Mr. Sterling lives there. Mother 'll know me right away and say to father: 'If I live, father, here is Harry Sterling come home.' Oh, what fun, and then I'll ——"

"Say, Mr. Sterling," said the messenger boy, handing him the ominous yellow envelope, "this telegram came for you just a bit ago."

To Harry Sterling, College Hill, Mass.

"Your mother died suddenly last night. Come."

Father.

The Student's Dream.

I sat in my room one dark, gloomy day,
While books spread wide on the table lay;
And I thought and thought with hope forlorn
Of exams to be passed the following morn.
I thought of the work I had tried to do
And hoped that somehow I might pull through.
Then my lids grew heavy, I fell asleep
And felt a strange spell o'er my senses creep;
I dreamed of the future, the Great Final Day,
When the bad from the good shall be sent away;
Some one I heard at St. Peter's gate,
But it was closed, he had come too late.
"Please let me in," he meekly cried."
"No, indeed, my friend," the saint replied,
"Our Life Book shows that, though you've monk(ey)ed,
The record's closed and you have flunk(ey)ed.

E. I. Ireland.

1. And in those days it came to pass that the weariness of life came upon the professors, because they had nothing to do "over Cheat."

2. Being in our University where four courses a minute is light work.

3. And where rest is unknown. Selah.

4. And the professors sallied forth

5. And at that time it was vacation.

6. Now the skies were free from blackness and the shadow of rain hung not on the earth.

7. But lo!

8. As they journeyed.

9. The Heavens were opened and the rain descended and the floods came, being vacation.

10. Now they were half-way "over Cheat."

11. And Smith is a cheerful companion, being solicitous. And they had no umbrellas.

12. And Smith said, Lo, it raineth and there is a great downpour and the night cometh, wherefore, let us turn again to our fathers, even unto the land of the Haw.

13. But Pat, who never knows the word "enough," Selah,

14. Pat said, Nay,nay, Pauline, let us move unto the land of Canaan and "over Cheat," for that is a land flowing with milk and honey,

15. And other things, Higgaion. Selah.

16. And Smith said, *Aha, Aha,*

17. And they did not pause, nor turn back in the way.

18. And the blackness of night came down upon the earth.

19. And the floods never did a thing.

20. And Smith became more cheerful.

21. Then they stayed their steps in the vale of Soakem and did ask for swift horses, but the

22. Gent had rheumatiz and would not.

23. And they went forth in the way,

24. And again paused on the hill of Trowmedown.

25. And besought shelter and food;

26. But the Philistine who dwelleth thereon said *nit,* and

27. Would have slain them with the jawbone of an ass.

28. And they fled.

29. And Smith became more cheerful. And he lost a golosh. And they crawled into a coal hole; and it was a day when Smith had on his PANTS; and the pants became soiled; and they crawled out again by the way thereof.

30. And they were not yet "over Cheat."

31. Now Pat, who *knew the way*, said, Smithy, never mind; come with me and you will wear diamonds.

32. And get there.

33. And they did turn from the path, and began to ascend a lofty mountain, where grew the cedars of Lebanon.

35. And they could see nothing thereof because of the darkness which hid the earth, even the hand from the eye.

36. But Smith was all right.

37. He followed his nose. Higgaion.

38. And Pat followed Smith in the way thereof. Selah.

39. And they did not arrive "over Cheat," for it was still many parasangs; in another direction.

40. For something was the matter with the nose, and it led them wrong; even into the land where the mountain dweller dwelleth and the dewberry groweth and the mud becometh forty feet thick in the way thereof. And no man saw his way, for it was dark.

41. Very. Selah.

42. And they walked in the mid way, in the mud and,

43. Fell by the wayside.

44. Endeavoring, but alas, vainly, to place one foot before the other by pulling it from the mud thereof. Higgaion.

45. But they could not, for

46. Verily they stuck.

47. And Smith was still a cheerful companion.

48. And he lifted up his voice and taught them saying, Lo,

49. Forty days and forty nights have we tarried on the way "over Cheat," and arrived nit anywhere, and lo,

50. Soon the morning breaketh

51. In about ten hours,

52. And here I know, O papa, must we dwell upon the hillside 'mougst the cedars of Lebanon and sleep in the rain,

53. And slush, alas, woe is me and my house forever, till morning, O, papa!

54. And they passed on ten parasangs more.

55. And it still rained.

56. And they came not.

57. And Smith bemoaned his fathers and also No. 23, Peabody.

58. And Pat had not enough. Selah.

59. And they tried to go down the bank and fell over,

60. And picked themselves up therefrom, and were much muddy, even to the neck.

61. And they sloshed around.

62. And verily at last found themselves in the way whence they had gone up into the mountain; and it was about the tenth hour.

63. And about that time it came to pass that the professors did groan aloud and gnash their teeth.

64. Now in that reigon a light shone from afar in the darkness.

65. And they went towards it over ditches, through mud and mire, injuring the scenery, breaking the rocks with their shins, barking the the trees with their heads and leaving small choice portions of their anatomy on barbed wire fences, and so came unto a place that was a place of light.

66. And a dog barked and came forth and bit off more.

67. Than he could chew, and was destroyed utterly in the way.

68. Being poisoned by the same.

69. And much fear came upon them.

70. Then the dog being dead, they ascended unto the place which was a place of light and the door opened.

71. And a venerable Haweater sat before the fire of dried peat, and his womenfolks gathered around him, much fearful, and he eschewed evil.

72. And in his right hand he held a large instrument of iron, used for poking the fire.

73. Then Smith said, Lo, Uncle, we are wayfarers from a far off country who have been many hours in the darkness, and

74. Are soaked to the skin.

75. And verily wilt thou give us a crust of bread, for we are so thirsty and cold we don't know where to sleep to-night, And verily thy horn shall be exalted among the heathen.

76. And Nunky said, I will give thee some bread, and he gave him

77. A lantern.

78. And they moved on again much cussing.

79. And then they came to a broad river which lieth beyond and there

80. Tooted for the ferry; and it was now the twelfth hour, and in two hours more the ferry came.

81. And they fell upon the ferryman's neck and kissed him, and went their way.

82. And by the lantern came to Voigt's, and he gave them warm potions and fancy roast oysters, and chops, and limburger cheese, and asses' milk, and steaks and honey of Hebron, and frankincense and myrrh.

83. And eggs.

84. And they went no more in the way. Higgaion. Selah.

Belle Creole.

She was as superb a bit of horseflesh as ever grazed in Virginia's meadows. From forelock to fetlock she was trim and symmetrical as a racing yacht; and she skimmed along the ground with a movement almost as swift and even as the gliding of a vessel on a summer sea. She was a beautiful dark bay, with jet black mane and tail of luxuriant growth. Her nostrils were wide and delicate and her eyes had in them a spark that in men is said to mark genius. If there was a single blemish to the symmetry of her form—she was scarcely fifteen hands high—it was the breadth and depth of her chest. Her limbs were straight and slender, with that suppleness of joint that marks the trotter. And how she *could* trot! When the horses used for various purposes on the plantation were released from the stable and rushed at a gallop down the long lane to the pasture, "Belle Creole" could be seen easily leading the galloping herd in her swinging trot. If there was any truth in the saying, "Blood will tell," great things could be expected of Belle. Her dam was a famous horse that Colonel Castleman had ridden throughout the Civil War, and many a tale could he tell of how this horse, by her speed and power of endurance, had saved him from death or capture. Her sire was a famous stallion that *three* times had won the laurels for Virginia against the best horses of the "Blue Grass" State. "Belle Creole" had often been sought by princes of the turf, but Colonel Castleman had steadily refused to sell her for the most fabulous prices. To all offers he replied: "No, sir, I can't part with her. 'Dixie' could not get along without her."

"Dixie" was the Colonel's only daughter, and it would have been a rare father indeed who could have refused such a daughter anything. She was only fifteen, and still baby enough to insist that the door between her mother's room and her own be left open at night; though in other matters infinitely more dangerous she was brave enough. On the day when the men had first tried to saddle "Belle Creole," and she had unceremoniously sent the first who was so bold as to mount her, flying over her head,

"Dixie" had laid her soft cheeks against Belle's beautiful head and patted her gently and called her pretty names, and then from the low stile had sprung lightly on her glossy back and rested there as safely as in her father's arm chair. Dixie it was, too, who had first harnessed Belle to the light buggy. On that day the little mare seemed to have found the purpose of her existence. She sniffed suspiciously at the harness, tossed her head disdainfully, tried a few steps forward, and then trotted leisurely out into the big road. After that it was no uncommon sight to see the slender girl, with hat usually slipped far back on her head, spinning at an astonishing speed over the country roads in a light buggy, drawn by a beautiful dark horse.

But the time came when it seemed that Dixie and "Belle Creole" would have to part. Colonel Castleman's generosity had gotten him into financial trouble. A planter's wealth is never in ready money, and in order to pay the indebtedness for which he had made himself responsible, he had decided to sell "Belle Creole." When the bargain was about to be concluded, Dixie rushed out and throwing her arms about Belle's beautiful head, cried between her sobs: "Poor Belle; my poor little Belle! Oh papa, don't let him take her! She will be worth more than anything sometime."

Colonel Castleman turned to the would-be purchaser and said: "Well, suh, you can't have her at any price. I have two others I will sell. John, bring out the carriage horses." Dixie's prophecy that she would "be worth more than anything some time" came true.

Dixie's only brother, a youth of eighteen, attended school at Riverton, a town six miles from the plantation. A macademized road, smooth and level, led to the town, and during the early fall and spring months Richard drove to and from school every day.

One day in early September Mrs. Castleman came into the kitchen just before the noon hour to see that all preparations had been made for dinner. "Well, I declare," she exclaimed, "I forgot to give Richard any lunch this morning."

"Don't you worry 'bout dat, Mis' Alice," said old Aunt Mary, "I al'ays takes keer o' Mars' Dick. I gib him er lunch o' eggs and chicken and biscuits da'll do him all right." Then with the usual tendency of her race to dwell on meritorious actions of their own, she continued: "I was too yerly fo' dem crows dis mornin.' I got de eggs mah sef— two ob 'em—out de nest under de old stump."

Mrs. Castleman turned upon her with a look of horror. Just then one of Aunt Mary's numerous grandchildren came running in. Oh, Mis' Cas'lman," he stammered eagerly, "de pizen egg is gone! We git de crows dis time. I watch all mornen an' none didn't come, but just now I sneak down and dey is gone. De ole crow must be mighty slick, or I see him. But we done git him now."

Aunt Mary's black face was ashy. She sat down on the floor, and

rocking herself back and forth, moaned pitifully. Mrs. Castleman seemed powerless to move or speak. Dixie, attracted by Aunt Mary's moaning, came flying in. A few words explained all. Mrs. Castleman had placed two eggs, poisoned with strychnine, in a nest which the crows had been robbing. She had carefully warned all the men and children about the place, but Aunt Mary had not been farther than the chip-yard for years, and it never occurred to Mrs. Castleman to tell her. Those eggs had been given to Richard for his lunch. It was now nearly twelve, and at that time Dick would eat his lunch, and death was certain. There was no possible way to save him.

Dixie's cheeks blanched, and with terrified eyes she glanced at the clock. It wanted but twenty-six minutes of twelve. A queer little look of resolution came about her chin, and hatless she rushed from the house and sped like a deer to the pasture. She flung down the heavy bars and called frantically, "Belle, Belle; come Belle!" The beautiful mare lifted her head, looked an instant, and sped swiftly to her. Dixie from her perch on the fence sprang on her back, and guiding the horse's head with her hand, cried, "Go, Belle, go!" At the stable door Dixie sprang to the ground and literally threw on the harness. With the help of the little negro boy, Jim, who had run to help her, she had Belle harnessed to the buggy in a jiffy. The little negro's dusky eyes flashed, and he cried, "She kin do it, Mis' Dixie; I know she kin!" Dixie pulled up on the lines and Belle was off like a flash. As she passed the house, Mrs. Castleman cried despairingly:

"It's no use, Dixie; you can't do it. There is only twenty minutes yet."

But Dixie neither answered nor looked. Her eyes gave a little flash and she guided the horse carefully through the gate and out on to the broad, smooth road. She sat forward on the very edge of the seat and braced her feet against the sill. She pulled firmly on the lines, and pursing up her pretty mouth, gave a peculiar whistling sound. Belle Creole gave a little snort and sped evenly down the road. The light buggy seemed to vibrate in every part. The pebbles from Belle's flying hoofs cut Dixie cruelly in the face; but she did not heed them. Neither did she note the dark storm-cloud that was creeping with deep mutterings above the Western horizon. She thought only of Dick, now strong and full of life, pale and limp in death, his handsome face distorted with pain. Could she save him? Belle could go fast she knew; but could she go fast enough? Dixie had no idea of the speed and endurance of horses. If she had she would perhaps never have tried it. As it was, she bent eagerly forward, pulling firmly on the reins and urging the horse on with a look of almost trust in her eyes.

About a mile from Colonel Castleman's home the railroad crossed the road to Riverton. As she dashed over the little knoll before reaching the crossing, Dixie saw the local passenger train gliding smoothly down the track. It would stop at the station and block the crossing for at least

three minutes; and three minutes meant Dick's life or death. The train was close but she must beat it. With frantic appeal in her voice, Dixie cried, "Beat it, Belle; beat it; oh, go!" Belle Creole seemed to comprehend the situation with almost human intelligence. She caught the note in Dixie's voice, tossed her head in the direction of the approaching train, and with a little snort seemed to step from under the harness. Some men standing at the station shouted a warning, the whistle shrieked, but Dixie heeded it not. The light wheels struck the rails, the buggy leaped into the air, and an instant later, when Dixie looked back, the train was standing where she had crossed. She drew a deep breath, and paused with lips half parted. That very train she knew was due at the little station at eighteen minutes to twelve. The railroad made a wide detour, and the train came into Riverton at 12:03. She must beat that train or she would be too late. With her whole heart in the words, she cried. "Belle, my little Belle, go, go; please go!" Belle settled lower down in the shafts, lowered her usually arched neck, bent her ears slightly back, and reached out farther and farther with her fore feet. At every stroke the skin on her haunches crimpled, and her little body swayed from side to side. The light buggy quivered and the harness scarcely touched Belle's sleek body. The spirit of the race track had taken possession of her, and her dilating nostrils glowed like fire. The sweat was pouring from her flanks, and her shoulders were flecked with foam. They had passed the fourth mile post and Belle Creole's pace was still as even and rapid as when she dashed across in front of the train at "Castleman's." Her blood was telling, indeed; her mettle was up, and she would be in at the finish, too.

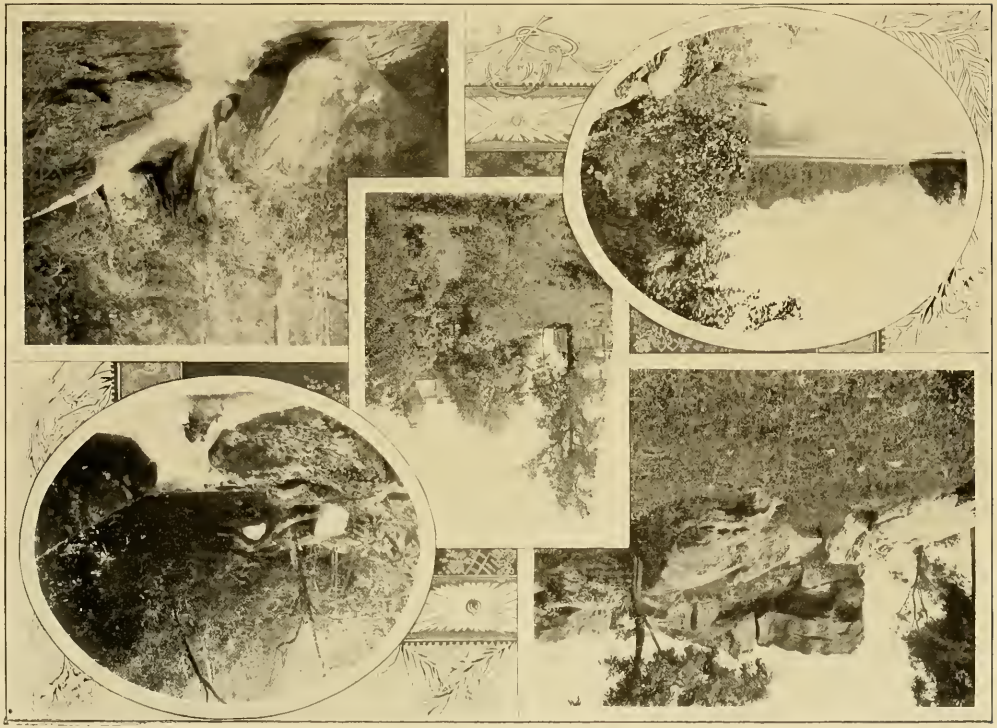
Meanwhile the threatening storm had spread over the western heavens to the zenith. The jagged lightning flashed, and crashing peals of thunder rent the sky. But Dixie was oblivious to it all and kept her gaze fixed on the little horse. The excitement had called a high color to her cheeks, and her eyes were very bright. Despite her brother's peril she could not help feeling a Virginian's pleasure in the deeds of a noble horse. About a mile from Riverton the railroad crossed the pike again. As she dashed up to it, Dixie looked up and down the track. The train was not in sight. Had it gone already? If it had she would be too late! Dixie's heart almost failed her now. There was a mile yet, and Belle had begun to show slight signs of fatigue. With the most touching tremor in her clear voice, the girl cried, "Oh, Belle, dear Belle, you must, you must! Please go on!" Belle Creole did not fail her then; she responded nobly to her appeals. Sinking lower in the shaves and reeling now violently from side to side, she maintained an undiminished speed.

The thunder and lightning had ceased. There was a dead calm, such as precedes the bursting of a storm. All nature seemed to have paused in breathless silence to look for a moment on the unequal match of Dixie and Belle Creole against the fleeting minutes. The last knoll that hid the town

from view was passed. Above the rattle of the wheels and the clatter of Belle's flying hoofs, Dixie heard the concluding strokes of the large clock in the tower of the academy. She would be in time yet!

Belle dashed around the corner and down the long quiet street. People looked from the windows and wondered to see a foam-flecked horse, driven by a young girl with flying hair and flushed cheeks, dashing at a reckless speed down the street. In front of the academy Dixie drew up with a sharp pull on the lines and a loud "Whoa!" She sprang from the buggy, up the stone steps, through the open doors, and was up the long flight of steps leading to the second story almost in an instant. She glanced in a room, and there in a deep window sat Dick unfastening the clasp on his lunch box. Dixie screamed, "Dick, don't! It's poisoned!" and flying across the room, threw herself sobbing into his arms. She tried to explain through her tears how the eggs were poisoned and she had come to save him.

Dick did not go to school that afternoon. After the pending storm had passed, Belle Creole trotted leisurely back over the road to the old farm house, drawing with evident pride a big brother and a little sister resting contentedly in his arm. The little negro, Jim, was wild with joy, not so much because Dick was saved, but because Belle Creole had saved him. He mumbled over her like a piece of ginger-bread, and between his periods of inversion yelled, "Dat's de bes' time yit! Belle Creole beat dem all! Six miles in twenty minutes; 'whoopee!' "



A Hellish Romance.

—BY—

L. H. Bitner and S. W. Johnson.

The Imp gazed into the coals and thought of the petition he had that day sent in to his Satanic Majesty. He had once been called a Satanic Imp. He hoped that would have weight with his Satanic Majesty; for the Imp loved the Impess with a fiery burning love and the affair looked very ashy unless it should be granted that he, the Imp, should be assigned a fire at the lake on the corner of Hell-Fire St. & Damnation Avenue, as the petition read. The Impess lived on this lake.

The Imp was sad for it was rather against the policy of the Realm to grant petitions. And another thing, this petition was presumptuous, as, indeed, was the Imp's whole suit. The Impess was no common Impess; she tended the infant fires. As any tourist of the place knows, the clear, limpid lake at the corner of the brilliant Hell-Fire Street and the long, solemn, gloomy Damnation Avenue, two of the oldest thoroughfares in the Realm, is a distinguished place. For the Imp, tender of miscellaneous sinners, to be expected to be promoted from his furnace to the limpid lake, was presumptuous, indeed; and the Impess could not come to him—alas! Tears would have rolled down the Imp's cheeks, but the rims of his eyelids dried them up with their fiery heat.

Just then his time was up, and an assistant came to take his place. The Imp stood heating himself an instant before the fire to assure a ruddier hue and then went to pay a call on the Impess.

The Impess was reclining beside the limpid lake. This season was a dull one for infants, and her duties were light. When an infant floated her way she playfully, with her fingers, gave it a little splash deeper into the lake. While she and the Imp talked another Imp came up Hell-Fire Street from the direction of his Majesty's palace. He was a rival of our Imp; and from time to time our Imp, Imp of miscellaneous sinners, was siezed by a jealously for this other Imp. *He* tended the drunkards' furnace and the Impess often went with him to watch the alcoholic flames.

When he reached the Imp and Impess he paused.

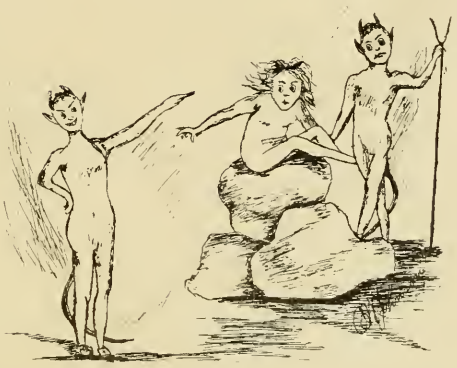
"Hello there, Imp, go to the devil."

"What for?" asked the Imp of Miscellaneous sinners, rather indignantly. He had forgotten the petition.

"Because he says so," returned the Imp of the drunkards, over his

shoulder, the light from the lake throwing a flickering, mirthful shadow over his face.

"The devil, indeed," said our Imp with deep conviction, remembering the petition.



"For the love of Hell," he said, turning to the Impess, "it means no good that he brought me the message. But his mighty Majesty, Satan, summons me, my Impess; I must go. May the flames of Hell be with you."

"Did you say you were my flame?' asked the Impess. She was a coquettish Impess, with long, thin, bright curls, that looked like jets of fire all around her face and they were always perfumed with bimstone.

The Imp had no time to tarry; he must be off to see what his Majesty had to say. He felt hope burning within him, in spite of the ill-favored herald of the summons. His hoofs beat out a merry tune as he ran along, and he playfully poked, as he passed with his firestick,—which an Imp seldom leaves behind him—at the fresh arrivals into the Realm. O, Imp! dost thou not know what an unlucky omen hope is in Hell? The Imp of the drunkards, knowing of our Imp's plans, had obtained a secret council with the Devil and told him the Imp wanted the change, not because of a Satanic call to burn infants, but because of love of the Impess. Should his Satanic Majesty grant a petition for love's sake?

Let us pass quickly over the reply of Hell's Arbiter to the Imp. It was a rebuke; let it suffice to say it was a heated one.

How did the Imp bear it? Let us pass quickly over that too. For many hours he walked through gloomy, dark Damnation Avenue. At each step his hoof-beats made fierce exclamation points. He found that other Imp and they fought a duel as between Imp and Imp. Throughout, he bore himself as a true Imp might.

The Imp never gave up hope. Times grew busy. The Impess lolled less on the shores of the lake, and coquetted less with the Imp of the drunkards; but her locks were still perfumed and flame-like, and she shook them impatiently when pressing business was on hand.

"Your Satanic Majesty," cried she with trifle less respect than was becoming, "what in hell shall I do with these damned infants? A fresh

supply has just come and the place is full."

The Gentleman of Hell passed on without notice, for he had important business under hoof—to greet several old friends of his who had just arrived. There had been a slight misunderstanding between him and them of late and he wanted to assure them all was right.

The Impess shook her little fists after him. The wailing of the children grated upon her nerves. "I might as well be at work with my dear Imp as drudging here with these infants raising Hell. I will go to my Imp and the Devil may take this job of his." So off she went.

At the furnace of Miscellaneous Sinners the Imp and Impess seemed to have forgotten that work was hard. The Imp had stepped aside to deal an extra thrust to one of the new comers.

"What's that old man here for?" asked the Impess.

"Sent down for disbelief in the damnation of infants," replied the Imp. Just then a piercing wail came from the region of the limpid lake.

"Ha, ha, ha, he will believe in the damnation of infants when he hears that," said the Impess, gaily. They both laughed and the fire crackling up, laughed too, and reflected their laughs in broader lines. The Imp was very happy because the Impess was with him.

"Now my beautiful love of Hell, shall we go to his Satanic Majesty and make one more petition for our happiness?"

The Impess's tempature fell to almost three hundred. "Suppose he should send me away?"

"My little Imp, my Hellish love, how could the Gentleman of Hell resist your charms? How could he look at your snake-like locks, your glowing face, untouched? Will not his heart melt in the heat of your love?"

But the Impess was a shrewd little Impess. She shook her head decidedly.

"Now look here, you dear old Imp, that philosophy of yours isn't Hellish; you know it isn't, you old Imp of Satan. Hell's Arbiter—his Majesty, indeed! I'd like to pull his old beard—cannot sanction love."

The Impess spoke very gaily, but the effort was so great that she had to sit down and her face grew almost black. The Imp saw it, though he stood some distance from her leaning on his flesh-fork. They didn't dare get any nearer because their tempature always rose when they were together and they dared not touch. It was a serious impediment and now

the Imp felt his fingers tingle to clasp the Impess's hand, and longed to tell her how he loved her, but he dared not go an inch closesr. So he whispered shrilly across the intervening space: "Oh, Impess, your love is brighter to me than those flames; I tell you, Impess, mine, you are dearer to me than Hell." The whisper was so shrill that it reached the ears of some one crouched behind the great furnace before which the Imp and Impess sat. He had watched the Impess as she left the limpid lake, had heard the impatient, "the Devil may take his job," and had muttered to himself, "Ah, yes; I think I see work for the 'old gentleman' (a playful name for his Imperial Highness) and, perhaps, for me too," he chuckled. He it was, he the Imp of the Drunkards, who had kept his fiery eyes upon the fond pair from the first, who had followed them up and lurked around, waiting for some word that would betray them. But the Impess had coquetted and the Imp had kept quiet, and the Imp of the Drunkards had *waited*.

Now was his chance. Quck as an Imp knows how, he darted away, sheltering himself from view of the Imp and Impess behind the row of furnaces till he was out of sight, then he sped down Hell-Fire Street till he came to the Imperial palace.

Only a word in his Majesty's ear, and with great strides that shook all Hell he reached the furnace of Miscellaneous Sinners and the Arbiter of the Realm stood before the Imp and Impess. His form had expanded with rage and his tail lashed the ground.

"Imp, I was merciful to you. When first so terrific a thing as *love* was whispered of to me—*love in Hell—I didn't believe it!* I spared you! Oh, Imp, I might have packed you in ice with snakes to crawl over your body; I might have taken your flesh-fork from you, and never again could you have seen your charges writhe under your touch; I might have sent you up to wander over the earth without a flame of Hell to heat you; you would have been so comfortable, so warm; I could have put you in the Trophics; they tell me it is quite warm there, often as much as a hundred and twenty! There you might have loved your Impess! Ha, ha, ha! But, Imp, I know one thing in which you have been restrained. Imp, I know you have never kissed her," he hissed. Then he doubled up in an excess of laughter and hopped up and down. "Oh, Imp, it is too bad, too cruel that you have been denied this pleasure. Why you have loved her all this time and have never kissed her! Imp, I am shocked. But you shall have the pleasure now. Ha, ha, ha!"

Then raising himself to his full height he stood upright, raised his sceptre high and shouted, "Now, Imp, *kiss her!*"

The Imp shivered as if a cold breath had struck him, his limbs trembled, but a fierv excitement seized him and spreading his arms he rushed to the Impess. Perhaps it was the reflection of the Imp's glowing countenance, possibly it was the audience to her first kiss—the Impess blushed!

It was never accounted for, because few remembered it after the scene that followed.

As their lips met a loud report, a clang, rang out and then followed a mighty crash and boom, great blue flame burst forth, different from any flame that had ever been seen in Hell, and the crowd were blinded and fell on their faces. And lying there prostrate, they heard the flames sizzle and snap, and, above the dull roar, a succession of sharp, quick reports—then, at last, a prolonged sissing sound like the drawn out sigh of a kiss, followed by a terrific bang; and they opened their eyes, and nothing was to be seen but a few sparks floating on the air and the Devil thoughtfully chuckling to himself.

Milkweed.

Along the roadside, touched by autumn's brown,
And on the hill-slopes sere, it lifts its head
Like some pale ghost of summer blossom dead,
It stands with softly gleaming silver crown.
The red and golden leaves come fluttering down,
The summer blooms have dropped to earth's brown bed,
The tender glow of summer skies has fled,
And creeping o'er the heart comes winter's frown.
But slender, brave and tall, it holds on high
Rich caskets lined with tender, shining pearl,
That softly from their treasure white uncurl,
I seem to hear: "Though wanes the year, I stand,
And while around I watch sweet autumn die,
I send my seed abroad through all the land."

—Josephine Raymond.

The Lost Boy.

"Good-bye, mother," said George Baylor, as he stood on the veranda of the fine old farm house, ready to start on, what, to his boyish imagination, was to be a delightful journey. He was a bright, handsome boy of fifteen, and as the fond mother looked into his clear, blue eyes and at his broad, high forehead, around which his rich brown hair fell in graceful curls, her eyes filled with such tears as only a mother can shed. As she put her apron up to wipe her eyes, a troubled expression came over the boy's face, and he asked, in a voice unsteady with emotion, "Don't you want me to go, mother, or do you fear that something will happen to me?"

"Yes, George, I want you to go, but as I looked at you a moment ago, a foolish thought came into my mind, that I might never see my boy again."

The boy kissed his mother, and, with his satchel in his hand, walked down the path to the gate where his father was waiting with a horse and buggy to take him to the railroad station a mile away.

Captain Baylor had commanded a company of brave soldiers during the war of the rebellion, and brought home, as a souvenir from a Tennessee battle field, the marks of a Confederate bullet that had passed through his right limb.

At the time this story begins, Captain Baylor was living near a small Western town on the Big Four railroad. The childhood of George had been spent in this ideal country home, but the boy was ambitious for an education, such as the public schools of the town near by could not furnish him. And Captain Baylor, having seen much of the world himself, felt that his only son must have a competent training, in order to win in the battle of life.

As the buggy containing father and son sped down the turn-pike toward the station, the mother waved the last farewell from the varanda, where she stood watching them until the distant trees of an apple orchard hid them from her view. Then she returned with a heavy heart to her household duties, saying to herself, "he will never be my *boy* any more."

After hurriedly shaking hands with his father and bidding him good-bye, George boarded the train and started on a journey to that from which he could never return. Alas! for the fond mother, and, alas! for the ambitious boy, the "foolish thought," of which she had spoken at parting was the intuition of a mother's love forecasting its own loss.

When the train upon which young Baylor had been traveling, stopped in an eastern city, he stepped from the coach and, entering a carriage, was driven to the main entrance of a stately building, which he entered. Hopeful, ambitious boy! He little understood what he was leaving behind

him when he entered that building, and what the toilsome wanderings for six long years, amid perplexing mysteries, would bring to him.

Young George Baylor passed down the wide corrider and through an arched doorway into what seemed to him a strange landscape in which there were hundreds, perhaps thousands of men and women walking in every concievable direction, and carrying in their hands all sorts of odd looking devices, and queer looking instruments Some were conversing in languages of which he had never heard, and their words were as unintelligible to him as the songs of the wild mocking bird that nested in the cherry tree beside the garden fence, at his country home. He noticed also, that those who were moving, followed foot paths that ran in every concievable direction through the grounds, forming angles, curves and circles innumerable.

While George stood looking at this strange, wierd scene, a pleasant faced gentleman approached him and asked him if he was ready to begin his journey through this mysterious country. "You see," he said, "that you cannot return by the door through which you entered, for it always closes behind a person, and cannot be opened from this side. But there are a few side gates on the left yonder, through which many depart, who have not the courage nor industry to reach the end of the journey,"

George looked in the direction indicated by the gentleman and saw three gates, not far from where he stood and not very far from each other. Over the first gate were these words, "*Exit Idler*," over the second, "*Exit Coward*," and over the third "*Exit Fraud.*" At the farther side of the grounds, which seemed to him a great distance, there was a large gateway with a very high arch, on which were a number of initial letters following the word *Exit*, but they were unintelligible to him.

George's heart beat wildly as he looked over that scene of confused and aimless wandering, and the distant gateway, then at the three side gates. He had never known an idle day, and he challenged any body to call George Baylor a coward, and his proud spirit revolted at the very thought of dishonesty. Poor boy! He did not realize that he was to fight the greatest battle of his life, and that ere he left that enclosure the unsophisticated country boy would be lost forever.

After a few moments of intense emotion, he said to the gentleman who had approached him, that he would die without ever seeing his mother again, before he would go out by either of those side gates. "But how can I ever reach that farther gate, through such a maze of circles and angles?"

"Young man," said the gentleman, encouragingly, "you have in you the elements that win victories for the youth, and crown the brow of manhood with the laurels of success. Here are books of instruction which will assist you to unravel the many mysteries around you, And if you are industrious and earnest you will be surprised to find how easily you can master the seeming difficulties. and how you will learn to love the battle-field where

you are always sure to win. And when you reach yonder distant gateway, you will regret that your path leads you out through it, rather than back again into this maze of mysteries."

It is not necessary to the purpose of this story that we should follow the fortunes of George Baylor through the six years that immediately followed his entrance into this mysterious country, and besides, they are a part of the experiences of every reader of these pages. While they passed only too quickly for the ambitious George, their march was slow and tedious to the fond mother's heart that waited for the boy who never came back.

The mother of George Baylor stood on the veranda again looking toward the distant apple orchard. Instead of the rich September fruitage the scent of the June roses was in the air. But the waiting mother gave not a thought or look to roses; she was eagerly watching some carriages that had just emerged from behind the apple trees and were approaching the Baylor farm house.

The carriages stopped at the gate, and a party of jolly young people came up the path to the house. Foremost among them was a handsome young man in a neat fitting suit and straw hat. A glossy mustache adorned his upper lip, and the dark brown curls rippled behind his ears as the June breeze blew in his face. In his hand he carried a roll of parchment upon which was written in artistic letters, "ARTIUM BACCALAUREUS."

This young man greeted his mother with a tender kiss and then introduced his young friends who had come to spend a few days of their vacation with him. He was the acknowledged leader of his class and the admiration of the under classes who knew his powers. His mother was proud of this cultured, talented young man, but her mother heart, true to the instincts of its love, realized with a pang of regret that she should never clasp her *boy* to her heart again. The truth forecast by that heart six years before was now painfully realized, that her *boy* had been *lost* in this young *man*.

I. A. BARNES.

We played a game on the windy hills,
Where you drove the ball like a feather,
But my heart was lofted with every stroke,
So we came to the green together.
And I won the game,
But 'twas all the same,
For you won me forever.

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S. C. LOWE, '00.

The Monticola.

Vol. III. Published by the Class of 1901... May, 1900.

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MATTHEW MANSFIELD NEELY, - - - Business Manager.
HUGO FRANKENBERGER, - - Assistant Advertising Editor.

YOU who have done us the honor to peruse thus far these hastily compiled pages, have already formed a decided opinion as to the merits and demerits of the MONTICOLA. Beyond this point there are "breakers" for all, and it seems both opportune and expedient that we here insert a few words of editorial address and explanation.

To those of the now honored Seniors who published the last volume of this book, and to any others who have ever attempted college publications at W. V. U., we need address no explanation or apology. From bitter experience they, at least, realize the thorny obstacles that beset the path of those who undertake the publication of a MONTICOLA.

Of those above us and below who are prone to condemn or or praise, we ask a brief moment of suspended judgment, while they consider carefully the limited resources of money and matter at the command of the editors.

To those long-suffering, faithful and enduring friends who have supported this editorial project with their encouragement, sympathy, brains, or money, we extend a hopeful Greeting and bounteous Thanks. May the

Frankenberger Neely Miller

Ireland Poe Shaffer Six

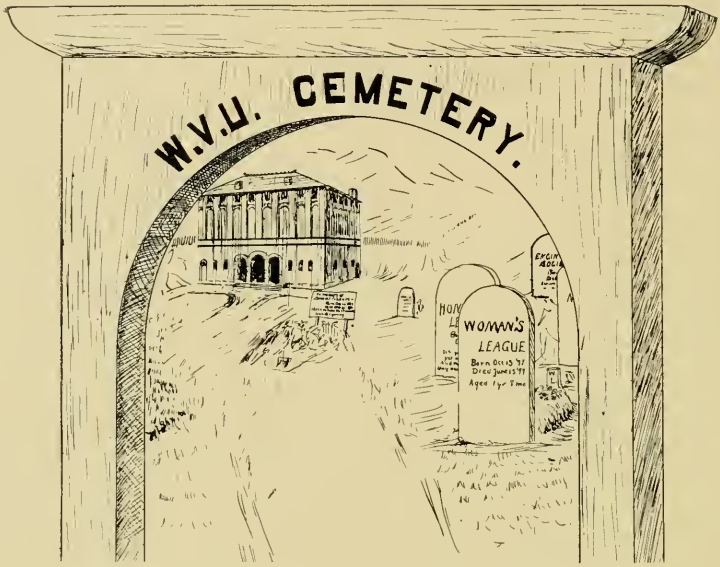
richest gifts in Fortune's treasure-laden cornucopia be theirs through all the coming years.

We wish especially to acknowledge the kindness of Director James H. Stewart and Professor Thomas E. Hodges in preparing the sketch of the honored Regent, to whom this volume is dedicated, at a time when speedy action was insistant. Many thanks also to Mr. L. L. Friend, who so kindly prepared one of our leading articles.

With heroic bravery we admit that by far the greater part of the Annual has been *written* by the Editors. "Oft in the stilly night," when our more fortunate companions were slumbering peacefully on the too-inviting couch, have we cruelly cudgelled our study-besotted brains for ideas that *must*, but would not come. For many an hour, stolen from the pleasant possibilities of social intercourse afforded by college life, have we toiled for *pabulum* to feed to fatness the too-lean sides of our slowly crescent Annual.

But if this MONTICOLA contains a jest that will bring a smile to the lips of *one* loyal W. V. U. student; if its pages bear a single wisdom-laden message; if it contains a name which pleases in print; if its pictures in future years start in the mind of any a train of pleasant memories of old W. V. U.—nay, even if its folly afford matter for Sophomore jokes, then indeed we do not grudge a single moment of toil or worry bestowed in its compilation. But if we fail utterly to realize in any degree even this modest conception of our mission, we counsel you to be of good cheer, for we pledge ourselves, with true Roman stoicism, to commit editorial suicide.

MISCELLANEOUS.



Calendar of Events.

JANUARY.

1. Six hundred University students resolve to be good, go to church, work hard and accomplish much when they return to school.
3. A few of the most faithful return to school.
4. Simeon Smith returns and announces that "life without love is death."
5. Dave Lemen looks in the almanac to find when school begins.
6. Two hundred and sixty-eight students explain to parents: "It's no use to go back now until Monday."
7. Five hundred and seventy-two good resolutions are broken.
8. Miller returns to school minus his fraternity pin, but possessed of a photograph and a far-away look.
9. Dr. Fitch doubles the number of employees at the postoffice. Uncle Sam promises an extra mail train to Morgantown.
10. Robinson and Lardin announce their intention of "doing society."

11. Poe begins negotiations for the purchase of a fall overcoat.
12. Ireland receives sundry letters from Dublin.
13. Ireland purchases a copy of Tom Moore's poems and makes the night hideous by singing Irish melodies.
14. Being Sunday, a brief truce was declared between factions of the Senior Law Class.
15. Prof. Porterfield's new book, "Good Form for All Occasions, or What to Say and What Not to Say," is placed in the hands of publishers.
16. Collett secretly smokes a cigarette. Readers are requested not to mention it.
17. Thermometer three degrees below zero. L. C. Thomas appears at breakfast vestless, with palm-leaf fan, and insists that he can't study this warm weather.
18. Sundry Freshmen start out to haze Preps. They compromise and enjoy a game of "pussy want's a corner" together.
19. Coleman explains to his intimate friends and anybody else in hearing how Pierpont Morgan owes his success as a financier to him.
20. "Lathrop Russell Charter, Jr., First Lieutenant, Adjutant, Corps of Cadets, West Virginia University, dropped from the rolls for failing to make grade of seventy!!!"
21 McChesney drops a dime into the collection plate by mistake. Carried out in a swoon.
22. Music School led by Prof. Ellenberger start out to celebrate Washington's Birthday. The Prof. tries to explain that it was Independence Day they were thinking of.
23 Marten announces his intention to win the Wiles Prize. Other contestants decide to withdraw.
24. Chauncey Willey promises Montelieu a fellowship in return for a good grade in Spanish.
25. "Dusty" Rhoades buys a bottle of pop, a pack of cigarettes, and a sack of popcorn and goes out to do the town.
26. "Dusty" Rhoades at Breakfast—"Say, fellers, did you see me raising h—— last night?"
27. Ballard takes his best girl a sleighride.
28. Judge Johnson's horse dies from over work.
29. Langley appears in class wearing "The Company" shirt. Cochran absent.
30. Yeager and Willey indignantly deny the charge of spitting on the floor.
31. McMurphy negotiates for the loan of the Englishman's clothes in which to play the "ragged urchin."

FEBRUARY.

1. Prof. Hare announces grades for January to Cæsar Class. Jim Smith carried out in convulsions.
2. Hendrix's famous address before Parthenon Society on "Evils of One Man Power." Peace negotiations opened between Guy and Rose.
3. 4964399 cases small-pox discovered in Morgantown. Manager Brown issues order prohibiting profanity among base ball men. Riot threatened, but Brown inexhorable.
4. Miller persuades Lardin to attend church—first and last offence.
5. Lardin ill from nervous prostration. Barnitz decides to part his hair in the middle.
6. Kappa Delta's hold initiation. Quite "large" initiation.
7. Matty Reed's missing goat found dead.
8. Keener arrested for making noise upon the street. Charge—wearing loud tie.
9. Willey uses a snow ball for target practice. "Reddy" Copeland prefers charges. Later—Willey decides to employ his leave of absence in finishing his ladder for window-in-gress from Judge's room.
10. Christner definitely announces his candidacy for constable in Fayette county, Penn'a. Horner accepts invitation to address Board of Regents at next session.
11. Grave's of last year's Glee Clubs decorated with appropriate ceremony. McDonald's girl again refuses him.
12. Cato's edition of Judge Johnson's "Dual Sovereignty" placed on the market; press notices very (?) favorable. Barrickman decides to get a hair-cut; upholsterer contracts for surplus hair for mattresses.
13. Barbers' union advances price of hair-cuts, and Barrickman postpones action indefinitely. Upholsterer sues for breach of contract.
14. Friedburg and Shaffer formally announce that they will go upon the stage. Earl Smith enraged over his girl mistaking the photograph sent her for a comic valentine.
15. President announces that anti-spitting ordinance must be enforced. Junior Law Class prepare for the worst.
17. "The Sunnyside Kissing Club" organized by Sunnyside girls. Long and Stathers at once remove from the vicinity.
18. Porterfield takes party out sleigh riding, C. O. D. Easley's shoes get their regular monthly shine.
19. After an exciting debate, Senior Class votes that Ireland must remove his mustache. Ireland obstreperous.

20. Ladies of Senior Class decide to boycott Ireland until he complies with class regulations. Ireland yields.
21. University librarian visits Washington. Dickey gives his celebrated Italian performance with great effect.
22. Lively declares dividend from proceeds of Military Ball. Swint-Barrickman duel.
23. Terrific explosion at Experiment Station. Police pronounce it the work of anarchists. Heavy reward offered.
24. Prof. Hite discovers his egg preserver in ruins, and contents scattered miscellaneously. Reward withdrawn.
25. Pitched battle on campus between the two factions of Senior Law Class. Coleman discovered five miles from town in a fainting condition.
26. Lowe receives a large package, apparently containing old letters, from Huntington. Later—reported delirious.
27. Collett purchases wheelbarrow for delivering students' baggage and sundry articles.
28. Stalnaker resumes anti-fat treatment. Carow stands off his tailor one week longer.

MARCH.

1. Craig receives a map of Wiles' Addition.
2. First anniversary of the original chemical experiment with calcium carbide.
3. Randolph sets up the oysters to the health of "our girl."
4. Meredith is not able to be out; the boys watch in vain on the bridge at 1 A. M.
5. Professor Emory tells his "cranberry" joke for the fiftieth time amid storms of applause.
6. Prof. Brown discourses on the cultivated tastes of the bumble-bee and the social qualities—he! he! he! (O'hern loudly, haw! haw! haw!)—of the butterfly.
7. Rumored that "Bill Dad" is to be married.
8. The English classes grow astonishingly small, and the Kappa Deltas go in mourning. Lavelle political boom launched. Great rejoicing among Democrats. Big demonstration.
9. Barrackman announces that in the future he will not speak more than fifteen minutes in presenting a candidate for membership in the Columbian Society. Loud applause in the corridors. Whoo-pe!

10. Stuart Bowman declares his intention to continue indefinitely to search for happiness in the bright fields of bachelorhood—"and perhaps not." The Monticola Board receives a marked copy of "Terra Alta Eagle," containing this *remarkable* personal: "Mr. Buckner Fairfax Scott, the handsome and accomplished son of Dr. D. M. Scott, has been here for a few days visiting parents."

11. Bowman goes calling, and with those "surroundings" changes his mind. Smith goes to Pittsburg and returns *minus* his pants. Col. Fast immediately calls meeting of the Disciplinary Committee.

12. Annual recital of jokes in the Organic Chemistry Class. "Alchemy" only breaks four test tubes and six beakers.

13. Brackman makes his daily trip to the library to stare at the co-eds. "Minnehaha" highly indignant.

14. The "Englishman" holds a special examination for the purpose of flunking his geometry class. Class held over time for external reasons.

15. Judge Johnson convulsed with fear for the reputation of the Junior Law Class. "Them boys'll git 'emselves inter trouble yit."

16. The Parthenons hold an election. Smith, the Fellow, gets a pair of pants. Great rejoicing. See 11th inst.

17. A reception is given by Dr. and Mrs. Raymond to the "Society of Greenies." You ought to have been there.

18. Gore and Frankenberger are unable to attend church.

19. Smith, the Fellow, meets his Rhetoric class again.

20. Everybody admires Smith's pants.

21. On application, Col. Correl is granted an extension of his spring vacation.

22. Miss Sliter gets credit for one-third of a course in the Germanic Department; subject, "S'naptic Walks." Class meets 7:15 A. M.

23. Daily decides to visit the Paris Exposition. Dr. White makes arrangements for another member in his party.

24. Carskadon arrives in town. Great commotion on Sunnyside. He decides to remove the objectionable mustache.

25. Corbin concludes to take a girl home from church in the evening. Later—he changes his mind.

26. Attempted picture of the Cadet Corps. Artist finds it difficult to include Col. Fast and Lieut. Steele in the same view.

27. Earl Smith and Butler go to have pictures taken. Rogers refuses.

28. Dr. Truscott spends the spring recess in Fairmont.

29. Prof. Patterson and Mr. Smith take their flying trip to Cheat river. They beg the editors not to give particulars.
30. Thirteen country school teachers and sundry other preps arrive for the Spring Quarter.
31. The campus begins to look green.

APRIL.

1. All Fool's Day. Faculty hold their annual Festival. Six's watch stops; he goes to breakfast at ten a. m.
2. The Regents meet. All professors put on high collars.
3. Degrees conferred. McChesney bows.
4. Jordan lectures on "The Blood of the Nation." Dr. Hill announces his ability to kiss every girl in town.
5. Musical Recital: "The Fiddle Woman" wears a beautiful bouquet—compliments of Germanic Department. Mrs. Hester receives an encore.
6. Elocution Recital: Cushwa, "Trip Audrey, Trip; I attend, I attend." Harry Garrison gets drunk—as "Eccles."
7. Y. M. C. A. Reception: Eakin, Crossland, Lemen, McWhorter, Miller and Lardin greet the newcomers. Lavelle makes another soul-stirring speech.
8. Dr. McCutcheon preaches the Convocation Sermon. Junior Law Class in tears.
9. Hoff wonders that the eggs in his incubator have not hatched. He examines and finds them cooked.
10. Hickman goes up to the Merchants, but does not go in.
11. Work is suspended on the stone steps at Martin Hall; cause unknown.
12. Prof. Truscott and Miss Sliter are seen going down Main Street. Cause unknown.
13. Tustin wins the Preliminary contest. Hughes loses.
14. Dixon lectures on "Backbone." *K A's* do not hold their banquet as intended, after seeing Dixon's lean, hungry look. Harry Garrison decides that he will some day take the place of Sir Henry Irving. Irving consents.
15. Easter. Neely eats two dozen eggs—raw and not raw.
16. "Sammy" lends his Geology to "Aurora." "Aurora" appreciates.
17. "Minnehaha" asks the loan of Miss Sliter's violin. Miss Sliter compelled to refuse.
18. Ross disturbes recitation by loud snoring.

19. Base Ball Teams leaves for Wheeling. Dickey goes along to carry bats and hold the lemen. Great commotion in society circles. "Billie" Butcher claims that Dr. Hill estimates his ability too high. Miss Conley differs. (See Apr. 4.)

20. W. V. U is beat at Wheeling, 3 to 2; Langley gets rich. Hennen:—"I did a fine job of surveying to-day, Prof. Morris was along."

21. Cato has been to Pittsburg, and announces that to-morrow he will make the first correct exhibition of spring styles.

22. Cato does not disappoint any one, but appears properly "hogged." Has scores of admiring girl friends. Earl Smith and Butler put to shame.

23. The College clock goes on a strike.

24. Clarence Eddy "tears himself" at Commencement Hall, at the Inagural Organ Recital. Lavelle:—"Finest thing I ever heard." Coleman compliments the player. Barnitz declares that Eddy skipped two notes.

25. Manager Harry Garrison presents the Bethany Glee Club. Cushwa wants to play "The Versatile Baby."

26. "Gib" Caldwell, "Prep." Lewis, "Dave" Long "Mad" Stathers, et al take in Seneca society at Turnverein. They report a very pleasant evening. Waddell:—"Don't you tell my girl."

27. Milt Hirschman gives "Prep." Lewis permission to call—in the kitchen.

28. "Gib" Caldwell in love. Buys McVicker out of hair oil and perfumes.

29. Collet refuses to recognize acquaintances on Main Street.

30. Waddell's injunction not heeded. (See 26.) Contemplates taking laudanum; compromises by using apple jack.

MAY.

1. Bar examination. Higginbotham announces his discoveries in telepathic communication.

2. Leonard schedules on washerwoman's bill. Maxwell takes his annual bath.

3. Lavelle reported to be wearing a new tie. Much excitement. Finally discredited by his appearance.

4. Carskadon's girl cuts him for removing his mustache without her consent. Doc Danser announces promotions in gymnasium officers.

5. Erection of a store room begun to contain the medals, books, prizes and other Commencement awards.

6. Blood discovered on the moon. Scientists puzzled to understand the phenomenon.

7. The mystery explained. Learned that Stump and his girl have quarreled again.
8. Peck offers mediation. Promptly accepted by both parties. Happy ending. Stump gives a dinner to his friends.
9. Prof. Hodges announces the discovery of an idea in Deming's brain by aid of X-ray machine. Later found to be a speck on the machine.
10. W. & J. defeated to the tune of 11–3. Tustin returns from Bethany wearing medal. Horner steals Salvation Army drum, and a grand thuse is started. Police object. Objection overruled.
11. Alpheus Smith appears in duck trousers. Is ruled off the campus by committee on Grounds and Buildings.
12. The Mayor dispenses justice according to his stupendous ignorance of law and disregard of facts.
13. "How to Conduct an Experiment Station," by H. D. Correl, appears. Booksellers unable to supply the demand.
14. Owner of canine, killed by eating a part of cake prepared in Domestic Science department, sues the University authorities for damage.
15. Bert Brown's girl pays his ice cream bill to date.
16. Janitor removes moss from interior of the new wing to University Building.
17. McCrum goes to Pittsburg to purchase his spring and summer wardrobe.
18. Editor-in-chief Poe instructs his assistants to get out an annual.
19. Dickey issues his annual explanation to his creditors.
20. Horner rebukes the boys at dinner for their worldly conversation and paraphases for them the morning sermon.
21. Dawson and Yoho mill. Dawson victorious in 14th round.
22. Poe is accidentaly reminded that an annual is to be published and inquires of its progress.
23. Miss Stalnaker--"Mr. M———, I fear you are leading my brother astray,"
24. Miss Verain interviews Smith ten times between eight and ten o'clock. Smith reported still living.
25. Anti-Labor Convention meets. Stewart is defeated for nomination for governor.
26. Glee Club invades Fairmont. Great consternation in the city.
27. G. A. R. veterans parade the streets. Bondurant leads column.
28. Judge Johnson quiets the superstitious fears of the law class by explaining scientifically the cause of the sun's eclipse.
29. Associate editors ask that composition of Monticola be completed. Poe consents.
30. "Calendar of notable events" goes to press.

Prognostication for June.

BY THE

Monticola Astrologer

1–8. The period will be a stirring one. Certain lunar influences will profoundly affect the state of the atmosphere and of many young gentlemen's purses. Many urgent requests for checks will be sent home. Parents will do well to heed these premonitory symptoms. Soda fountains and ice cream parlors should be ready for constant service.

8–17. This will be one of the most trying periods of the year. At this time the influence of Polyhymnia will be very potent, and it will be impossible to prevent an outburst of oratorical, debating and "Prep" declamation contests. Escape the latter at all hazards! Merchants should keep in stock an adequate supply of crepe for the use of defeated contestants. There will be one or two severe frosts during the period, as a result of the Board of Regents being in session. These frosts will be followed by a hot wave. At times it will be absolutely impossible to determine the temperature of the Board, which will rise above all former records.

17–20. Erato and Euterpe will rule in conjunction these days. Many persons will be found asleep in Chapel Hall during the forenoon of June 17. The pipe organ will be overworked during this time—likewise several audiences. Mount Chateau will be visited by many students, and liverymen will be busy devising plans to collect sundry unpaid accounts. Sweet girl graduates and white dresses will be found on every street corner. A large number of fervent declarations of love, long deferred and carefully prepared for the occasion, will be made. The moon will shine on these nights. To a *very* select audience Bert Brown will sing "The Kissing Song."

21. A trunk full of tin medals and picture books will be distributed among good little boys and girls on this date. Many old students returning from Commencement will be bowed in sadness at finding themselves supplanted in their best girl's affections by some Prep.

22. Morgantown will enter upon a state of innocuous desuetude. One hundred college widows will pine in vain.

Answers to Correspondents.

[Early in the "game" it became evident to the editors of the MONTICOLA from the numerous questions of a social, moral and practical nature addressed to them, that a special editor would be required for that department. The management was fortunate enough to secure the services of the cultured and erudite Dr. Dancer, who will cheerfully answer all questions of college interest addressed to him at his up-town office, Commencement Hall.—EDS.]

A. W. P.—We can see nothing improper in speaking of "noodle soup" even in the most polite society. In your efforts—which on the whole are commendable—to be polite, be careful to avoid prudishness and affectation.

MANA GERBROWN.—As a usual thing we do not think it safe to "dub in on a short pair," when "the pot is broken hard," everybody "stays," and "it's up to you last."

IRAB USH,—If you will write to Hinds & Noble, New York City, they can perhaps furnish you the books you want.

GIBSON.—Bromo-Seltzer taken on the following morning after a light breakfast will usually result in an improved condition of the stomach and nerves.

MACK-CHESS-KNEE.—You cannot repair the wrong, but it would perhaps ease your conscience if you would acknowledge the fault and make the necessary reimbursement.

GARLAND.—Read Polonius' advice to Laertes in "Hamlet." You will be able to select the parts of it which apply to your particular case.

LEDEMING.—Your case is serious. We advise you to see at once an eminent specialist on brain and nerve troubles. Meanwhile avoid excitement and all kinds of mental effort.

VANARA.—No, "Frank," "Inza," "Elsie," "Jack" and "Harry" are not real people. They and their adventures are creations of Mr. Standish's imagination. Have you read "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Arabian Nights," or "Gulliver's Travels?" For one of your innocent years, we think it would be far better to read such works as those mentioned.

LEON OF ARD.—(1) We do not think there are words of such purport in the Bible. (2) The young lady did perfectly right in not allowing you to make a practical application of your supposed quotation. You owe her an apology, and have no reason whatever to feel wounded at her conduct.

"WADDY."—See reply to "Gibson" in this issue.

PHILA.—(1) If there is true love on both sides, the difference in your ages would be no serious objection to the match. (2) "The Legend of the Lost Oar," or "The Monongahela's Secret" would be a very good title for your story. If you use the latter you will have to suggest some explanation of the mystery.

MUNICIPAL JUSTICE.—(1) For the law in such cases, consult Judge Okey Johnson, of the West Virginia University Law School, Morgantown, W. Va. (2) Honesty is always the best policy. (3) Only the most pusillanimous would allow prejudice to control their decision in such a case.

ROMEO.—You should not ask a lady for more than three dances in a single evening. More than that affords matter for unpleasant remarks.

CATO MAIOR.—See reply to "Romeo" in this issue.

PROFESSOR VON FRIEDRICH.—We receive many such communications as yours, and our invariable reply is, in substance, this: The fact that a man cannot decide which of two women he loves best is incontrovertible evidence that he loves neither. But when there are four in question it amounts to almost irreverence to speak of love for any one of them.

AMBITIOUS HARRY.—There are many good schools of acting whose advertisements appear in the magazines. You say your love for the stage is intense. That alone will not insure you success. Unless you have a certain amount of native talent, we advise you to pursue your present calling. You say you have a good voice, a strong constitution, unlimited confidence in your own ability, a handsome face and figure and a versitile intellect. These might in some degree make up for lack of dramatic talent.

BLANCHE.—A college man is always sensitive on the subject of his fraternity, and unless you can speak well of it you will do well to avoid the subject in his presence. Sarcasm is an unfortunate gift, and you will do well to suppress it. A sweet temper is far more admirable than a cutting wit.

Wants, Lost, For Sale, Etc.

For space in this column apply to M. M. Neely, Business Manager.

WANTED—A Staff for next year's Monticola.
SOPHOMORE CLASS.

WANTED—One more class president.
SENIOR LAW CLASS

WANTED—Some pretty girl who will listen to my blandishments.
DANIEL B. L——ARD.

WANTED—A new fellow, who wears pants.
DEPT. OF RHETORIC & ELOCUTION.

WANTED—A few more members.
PHI SIGMA KAPPA.

WANTED—New Mayor and Police Force. MORGANTOWN.

WANTED—To hire a small boat, just large enough for two.
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH.

WANTED—A little toy wagon and a box of blocks.
PRES. SOPHOMORE CLASS.

WANTED—A foot ball team for 1900.
W. V. U.

WANTED—A few more Honorary Editors-in-Chief.
MONTICOLA.

WANTED—A clean pair of white duck trousers.
HARRY GARRISON.

WANTED—A few more hearts to break. PROF. TRUSCOTT.

WANTED—A little more work to do.
PROF. PATTERSON.

WANTED—Some one to talk to.
"WHITEY" BELTZHOOVER.

WANTED—A new Glee Club.
W. V. U.

WANTED—Another Pipe Organ for Commencement Hall. Apply at School of Music between 1 and 2 a. m. (Only hours off.)

WANTED—Some one to clean Lardin's room.
PHI KAPPA PSI.

WANTED—A Fellow to love me.
BLANCHE CORBIN.

WANTED—Success for next year's MONTICOLA.
BOARD OF EDITORS '00.

WANTED—A few more subscriptions to the MONTICOLA.

WANTED—Some one to teach me to dance.
STATHERS.

WANTED—A little more publicity.
TOM HORNER.

WANTED—An incubator to raise hens.
SILAS MARION HOFF.

WANTED—That the friends of W. V. U. will patronize our advertisers.
BOARD OF EDITORS.

WANTED—To buy a few theses.
SENIORS.

WANTED—Some one to build me a new pavement.
FOXY.

WANTED—Some one to teach me a few bad words.
KID BOUGHNER.

WANTED—Some clean collars.
MCBRIDE.

WANTED—A little convenient religion.

CLARK LANGLEY.

WANTED—Select quotations fit for contest orations.

BARRACKMAN AND HUGHES.

WANTED—A new face.

KENDALL.

WANTED—Some one to help me get up my Monticola.

POE.

WANTED—Music for the verses, "Gone with a Handsomer Man."

CARSKADON.

WANTED—Thick lining for a vest.

FRANK WEAVER.

WANTED—Ditto.

S. H. BOWMAN.

WANTED—Recommendations for a good hair dye.

"REDDY" BAYLES.

WANTED—All the town dirt to form building lots in my new addition.

J. W. WILES.

LOST—On the evening of May 15, between my room and the Wallace House, one of the jewelled buttons from my new shoes. One entire, whole, large two-cent postage stamp will be given the finder for returning button to

"DAVE" LONG.

LOST—My preliminary contest.

BILL HUGHES.

LOST—My appetite. Please return at once. I need it.

"CRUSOE" ROBINSON.

LOST—My heart. It's gone to Europe.

"JIM" DAILY.

LOST—Friday night, May 18th, somewhere between the long shadows of evening and the gathering of the mid-night tempest, a pair of blue painted oars. No reward is offered. We got a board and paddled back to town.

E. D. LEWIS,
CLYDE BARBE.

LOST—Between Wallace House and my room, a silver inlaid cork puller. I need it constantly, and finder will receive a suitable treat for returning it to

"SKINNY" CROSSLAND.

FOR SALE—The full and undivided one-half interest in my popularity. This offer is for a limited time only.

HOFF.

FOR SALE—A full stock of best bred ponies. Animals very docile; warranted to be perfectly safe for women and children.

SENIOR CLASS.

FOR SALE—Some of my brain. It is a burden to me.

BELTZHOOVER

Did You Ever See:

Langley wear a white shirt?
Or Barrackman without his pomposity?
Or Hoff without his lear?
Or Easley without Meredith?
Or Miss Bitner without Miss Johnson?
Or Boudurant without his smile?
Or Thompson wear a vest?
Or Miller with his hair combed?
Or Jack Downey study?
Or Caldwell in a hurry?
Or Earl Smith busy?
Or Manager Brown rational?
Or Neely taciturn?
Or Gore without a scheme?
Or the Law Class without a candidate?
Or Simeon Smith kiss Cushwa good-night?
Or Frankenberger without a "kick?"
Or Tom Horner without a "roast?"
Or "Crusoe" Robinson "do society?"
Or "Tip" Lardin "dub in?"
Or "Husky" Morris win a game of Whist?
Or Poe work on the Monticola?
Or "Dutchy" play Golf?
Or Guy Willey without a red head?
Or Butler pay a bill?
Or Porterfield walk like "Prexy?"
Or Tabler eat?
Or Stather's "big head?"
Or Yeager at church?
Or McBride with a clean collar?
Or Crossland Mort'ley (mortally) wounded?
Or Deming muff a fly?
Or McGregor make a hit?
Or Lardin make a tackle?
Or Donahey out of humor?
Or Robe loquacious?
Or a good joke in Caesar?
Or in the Monticola?

PROF. BROWN:—"What kind of a tail has a lizzard?"

RANDOLPH:—"A wiggle tail."

JUDGE JOHNSON:—What was the object of the XIV Amendment to the Constitution?"

LANGLEY:—To protect the ——— Niger."

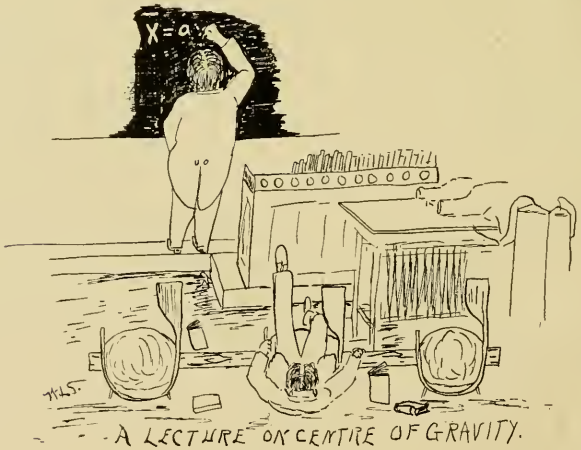
PROF. OF GEOLOGY:—"Mr. Yoho, what of orthoceratites in the Cenozoic age?"

MR. YOHO:—(Promptly) "They have made great advancements."

PROF:—"He, he, he; yes, they have advanced clear out of the world."

PROF. EMORY:—What is work?"

SMART PUPIL:—"That which negroes and Italians do for 50 cents a day."



PROF. OF MECHANICS:—"If the perpendicular through the center of gravity of a body falls outside of the support, what will be the result?"

CLASS:—(All in chorus, except Whitham) "The body will tumble."

SHAFFER:—(To Stalnaker when about to study Dutch.) "You frequently forget, young man, that we have h——ish good brains."

Ask Dr. Truscott.

PROF. MORRIS:—(Discussing enthusiastically on the variety of industry.) "Why, out here in one of our eastern counties is a large establishment where they make nothing else but bung holes, and they are doing a good business, too."

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"Bones" Stalnaker:—I wish to thunder it would rain to beat h----"

"Why?"

"Gib Caldwell is out boat riding,"

Prof. Patterson:—(To Smith, the Fellow.) Hay! Smith, have you got your pants on yet?

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For courses sometimes known as "snaps,"
So rhetoric and public speaking
He thought promised well; ——— well, perhaps.

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He heard a strange sound from afar,
And his foolish young heart sank within him
For the class altogether said "Ah."

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Of dramas and essays and novels,
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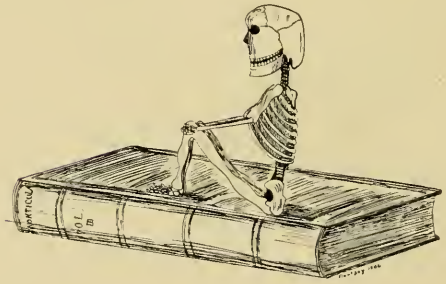
For Shakespeare will fill your spare minutes—
Oh! never come here for a snap!



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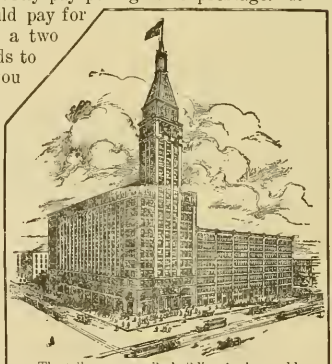

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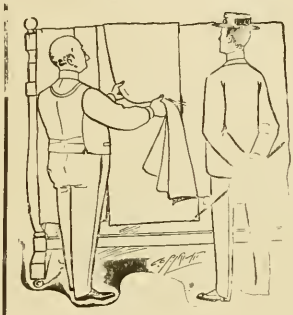

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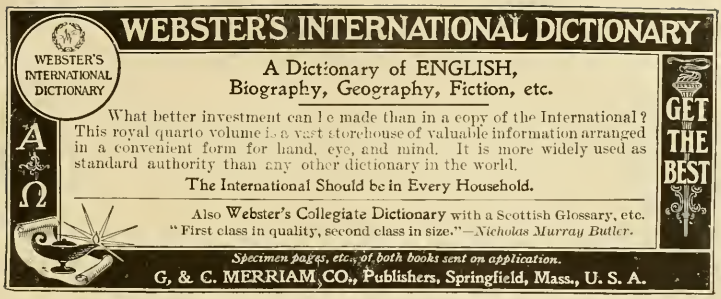
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